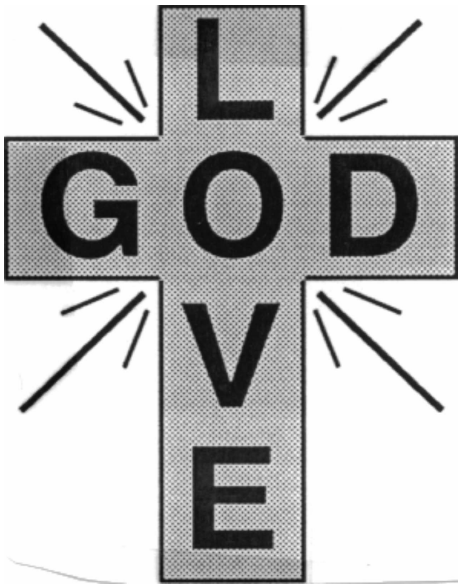

GLORY

A Novel of Prophecy and the Return of Christ

By Jim Giatas

"And they shall see the Son of man coming
In the clouds of Heaven
With power and great glory."
Matthew 24:30

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With power and great glory."
Matthew 24:30

S.D.G.
Soli Deo Gloria – Glory to God alone
Μόνον τῷ Θεῷ ἡ δόξα (Monon tō Theō hē doxa)

INTRODUCTION

A Novel of Prophecy, Revelation, and the Returning Christ

The world has never lacked for stories. Every culture, every nation, every generation has told its tales — of heroes and villains, of gods and men, of triumph and tragedy. Yet among all the stories humanity has ever written, one stands apart. It is not myth, nor legend, nor the invention of poets. It is the story authored by God Himself — the story of His Son, Jesus Christ.

Two thousand years ago, the world witnessed the first part of that story. It unfolded not in secret, nor in shadow, but in the full light of history. The prophets of Israel had spoken of a Messiah who would come, and every detail — His lineage, His birthplace, His suffering, His death, His resurrection — was fulfilled with a precision no human mind could have orchestrated. The Scriptures proved themselves divine by the very impossibility of their accuracy.

And yet, the Bible speaks of another coming.

The Second Coming of Jesus Christ is not a metaphor, nor a symbol, nor a poetic flourish. It is a promise. It is prophecy. It is the inevitable continuation of the story God began before the foundation of the world. Just as the first coming was literal, visible, and historical, so shall the second be. Every word written by the prophets will be fulfilled to the letter, for the Author of Scripture does not revise His truth.

This book is the story of that promise — not told through theological treatises or academic arguments, but through the lives of ordinary people scattered across the globe. People of every background, every belief, every culture. People who, in their own ways, are confronted by the same unyielding truth: Jesus Christ is returning, and His Word cannot be broken.

Some of these characters begin far from faith. A Harvard professor, proud in his atheism, discovers that prophecy is not superstition but mathematics — and that the odds of Christ's first coming being fulfilled by chance are beyond the reach of probability. A Buddhist surfer in Hawaii, lost in the writings of Alan Watts, finds that the Holy Spirit speaks louder than philosophy. A Muslim pilgrim in Mecca meets a desert prophet who reveals a truth deeper than tradition. A Japanese Shintoist, torn between ancestral devotion and the love of a Christian woman, discovers that the God he never knew is calling him by name.

Others begin closer to the truth, yet still blind to it. A Greek Orthodox monk on Mount Athos, once a wealthy computer designer, discovers that ascetic ritual cannot replace revelation. A London conductor, immersed in the music of Bach, finds that "Soli Deo Gloria" is not merely a motto but a prophecy. A rabbi in Jerusalem confronts Isaiah 53 and Daniel 9 and realizes that the Messiah he has awaited has already come — and is coming again.

Still others have walked with Christ for years, yet have never faced the fullness of His promise. A Jewish woman in Naples, Florida, already redeemed, becomes a witness to others. A pair of Liberty University students discover that tradition cannot stand against Scripture. And in a small Catholic school in Dunkirk, New York, a 74-year-old teacher — faithful, gentle, devoted — finally confronts the truth she has avoided her entire life, guided by the quiet persistence of her Protestant brother.

Different lives. Different nations. Different stories. Yet one Spirit moves through them all.

This novel is not about spectacle. It is not about fear. It is not about sensationalism or the theatrics of modern prophecy. It is about revelation — the moment when the Holy Spirit breaks through the walls of culture, pride, tradition, and doubt, and opens the human heart to the truth of God's Word.

It is about the who, the what, the when, the where, the how, and the why of Christ's return — not as speculation, but as Scripture. Not as imagination, but as divine certainty.

And it is about the moment when all these stories, scattered across continents and oceans, converge into one. The moment when the sky splits. The moment when prophecy becomes

sight. The moment when the world sees the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

The moment when Jesus Christ returns.

This is that story.

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DEDICATION

To the Lord Jesus Christ — the Lamb, the King, the Glory of God — whose love rescued me, whose truth restored me, whose return I await with joy.

To my parents, who gave me faith, who taught me reverence, who showed me love that reflected His.

To every believer who longs for His appearing, who watches the horizon, who listens for the shout, who clings to the promise: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

To the thirteen witnesses of this story — symbols of the global awakening, threads woven by the Spirit — may their journey remind every reader that the King is near.

And to you, reader — wherever you are, whatever your story, whatever your longing — may this book lift your heart toward GLORY.

CHAPTER ONE

THE FIRST THREAD: THE PROFESSOR WHO KNEW EVERYTHING

The story begins far from faith — in a place where belief is treated as an intellectual defect, and prophecy as superstition. Cambridge, Massachusetts. The heart of American academia. A world of polished stone, quiet libraries, and minds sharpened by debate.

Dr. Jonathan Hale, senior professor of philosophy at Harvard University, had long considered himself immune to religion. He was not hostile toward it — hostility required emotional investment, and Hale prided himself on having none. He simply regarded faith as a relic of humanity's primitive past, a comforting illusion for those unable to face the cold mechanics of the universe.

His students admired him. His colleagues respected him. His published works on secular ethics were quoted in journals across the world. He was, by every academic measure, a success. Yet beneath the polished exterior lay a quiet arrogance — a certainty that he had already reached the summit of human understanding.

On an ordinary Tuesday morning, Hale entered his lecture hall with the same calm precision he brought to every class. He placed his notes on the podium, adjusted his glasses, and prepared to speak on the philosophical implications of moral relativism. But before he could begin, a student raised her hand.

"Professor Hale," she said, "could you comment on the recent debates about Biblical prophecy? Some scholars claim the prophecies about Jesus were fulfilled with statistical impossibility."

The room grew still. Hale paused, surprised not by the question, but by the sincerity in her voice. He had expected a challenge, a provocation — not genuine curiosity.

He smiled politely. "Prophecy," he said, "is a fascinating subject, but not one grounded in verifiable methodology. Religious texts are interpreted after the fact. Fulfillment is retrofitted. It is not evidence."

The student nodded, but her eyes held a quiet conviction. "But what if it is evidence?" she asked. "What if the prophecies were written centuries before Christ and fulfilled exactly?"

Hale felt a flicker of irritation — not at her, but at the question itself. It lingered in the air, refusing to dissolve. He redirected the class, but the moment had already planted a seed.

Later that evening, alone in his office, Hale found himself searching for the very thing he had dismissed. He opened academic databases, historical archives, and theological

commentaries. He expected to find vague predictions, ambiguous statements, and interpretive gymnastics. Instead, he found something else.

Prophecies written hundreds of years before Christ. Specific details. Names. Places. Events. All fulfilled.

He leaned back in his chair, unsettled. The probability calculations he encountered — written by mathematicians, not theologians — were staggering. The odds of one man fulfilling even eight major Messianic prophecies by chance were astronomical. The odds of fulfilling dozens were beyond comprehension.

For the first time in his life, Jonathan Hale felt the ground beneath his intellect shift. Not collapse — but tremble.

He closed his laptop and stared at the darkened window. Outside, the campus lights glowed softly against the night sky. Students walked past in quiet clusters, unaware that their professor — the man who knew everything — had just encountered something he could not explain.

He whispered into the silence, not knowing why:

"If this is true… then everything changes."

It was the first thread. The first crack in the wall. The first whisper of the Holy Spirit.

And it would not be the last.

CHAPTER TWO

THE SECOND THREAD: THE STUDENTS WHO QUESTIONED EVERYTHING

Liberty University was known for its confidence. Its students walked the campus with the assurance of those raised in a world where faith was not merely accepted but expected. Chapel services were full, Bible classes were lively, and the doctrine of the Rapture was taught with the same certainty as gravity.

Yet certainty is not the same as truth. And truth, when revealed by the Holy Spirit, has a way of unsettling even the most comfortable hearts.

Ethan Ward and his girlfriend, Lily Harper, were both juniors majoring in Biblical Studies. They were bright, sincere, and deeply committed to Christ. They attended every chapel, volunteered at local ministries, and could quote Scripture with ease. But beneath their devotion lay a quiet unease — a sense that something in their theological foundation did not sit quite right.

It began one evening in the campus library. Ethan had been researching early church history when he stumbled upon a reference to a book he had never heard of: *The Hidden Beast 2* by Ellis H. Skolfield. The title alone startled him. He expected fringe speculation, sensationalism, or conspiracy. Instead, he found meticulous scholarship, historical analysis, and a challenge to the very doctrine he had been taught since childhood.

He read late into the night. Lily joined him, curious at first, then captivated. The book dismantled the Rapture doctrine piece by piece, not with emotion, but with Scripture. It traced prophecy through Daniel, Revelation, and the words of Jesus Himself. It showed how the early church had never taught a secret removal of believers, but rather a visible, triumphant return of Christ — a single, glorious event witnessed by all.

Ethan closed the book slowly, his hands trembling. "Lily… what if we've been taught wrong?"

She looked at him, her eyes wide but steady. "Then we follow Scripture. Not tradition."

The next days were a whirlwind. They searched the Bible with fresh eyes. They read Matthew 24, 1 Thessalonians 4, and Revelation 19 without the filter of denominational expectation. They discovered that the Word of God was clearer than they had ever realized.

There was no secret coming. No hidden removal. No vanishing of millions.

There was only one event — the return of Jesus Christ in power and great glory, visible to every eye, shaking the heavens and the earth.

Their professors resisted. Their friends questioned them. Some accused them of abandoning their faith. But Ethan and Lily felt something deeper than fear — a quiet, unmistakable stirring in their hearts.

The Holy Spirit was revealing truth. Not new truth. Not hidden truth. But the truth that had always been in Scripture, waiting for them to see it.

One evening, sitting beneath the campus bell tower, Lily whispered, "Ethan… if the prophecies of His first coming were fulfilled exactly, then the prophecies of His return will be too."

Ethan nodded slowly. "And if that's true… then everything we thought we knew is about to change."

They held hands in silence, feeling the weight of revelation settle upon them. They were young, but they were ready. Ready to follow Scripture wherever it led. Ready to stand against tradition if necessary. Ready to embrace the certainty of Christ's return.

They did not know it yet, but their awakening would ripple far beyond Liberty University. Their testimony would reach hearts across the nation — including a 74-year-old Catholic teacher in Dunkirk, New York, who would one day read their words and find her own awakening.

The second thread had been woven. The story was unfolding. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER THREE

THE THIRD THREAD: THE MONK WHO LEFT THE WORLD BEHIND

Mount Athos rises from the Aegean Sea like a solitary sentinel — ancient, immovable, and steeped in prayer. For more than a thousand years, its monasteries have echoed with chants that never cease, day or night. It is a place where time slows, where the world's noise fades, and where men seek God in silence.

Brother Stephanos had not always lived in silence. Once, he had been Stephen Markos, a brilliant computer systems architect in Thessaloniki. His designs powered banks, hospitals, and government networks. His salary was enviable, his reputation unmatched, and his future secure. Yet none of it satisfied him. The more he built, the emptier he felt. The more he achieved, the more hollow his victories became.

At fifty-five, he walked away from it all. He sold his home, donated his wealth, and entered the ancient brotherhood of Mount Athos. The monks welcomed him with gentle smiles and quiet eyes. They did not ask why he had come. They simply gave him a cell, a robe, and a life of prayer.

Now, nineteen years later, Brother Stephanos was known for his discipline, his humility, and his devotion to Scripture. He copied manuscripts by hand, tended the monastery gardens, and prayed through the night with the other brothers. His life was simple, peaceful, and predictable.

But peace is not the same as truth. And truth, when revealed by the Holy Spirit, can shake even the most disciplined soul.

It began with a question — one he had avoided for decades. During evening prayers, the abbot read from the Gospel of Matthew:

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

The words struck Stephanos with unexpected force. He had heard them countless times, yet tonight they pierced him. He felt a stirring — a whisper — a gentle pressure upon his heart. He tried to dismiss it, but the words echoed in his mind long after the service ended.

Back in his cell, he opened his worn Orthodox Bible. He read Matthew 24 again. Then Daniel 7. Then Revelation 19. The passages glowed with clarity he had never seen before. The prophecies were not symbolic, not allegorical, not mystical. They were literal. Precise. Unmistakable.

He whispered into the candlelight, "Lord… have I misunderstood Your Word?"

The Holy Spirit answered not with sound, but with revelation.

Stephanos began to study with the intensity he once brought to computer architecture. He traced prophecies across centuries. He compared manuscripts. He read the writings of early church fathers. He discovered that the ancient believers had expected a visible, glorious return of Christ — not hidden, not secret, but triumphant.

He realized that the prophecies of Jesus' first coming had been fulfilled exactly, down to the smallest detail. And if God had fulfilled those prophecies with such precision, then the prophecies of His return would be fulfilled the same way.

He felt his heart tremble. Not with fear — but with awe.

One night, unable to sleep, Stephanos walked outside. The moon hung over the Aegean like a silver crown. The monastery was silent except for the distant chanting of midnight prayers. He stood on the cliffside, the wind brushing his robe, and whispered:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The words felt dangerous. Holy. True.

In the days that followed, Stephanos shared his discoveries with the abbot. The old man listened quietly, his eyes soft. When Stephanos finished, the abbot placed a hand on his shoulder and said, "Brother, the Spirit is revealing these things to many across the world. You are not alone."

Stephanos felt a shiver. Across the world. Others were awakening. Others were seeing the same truth.

He did not know their names — not yet. He did not know of the Harvard professor whose intellect had begun to crack. He did not know of the Liberty University students who had

rejected tradition for Scripture. He did not know of the rabbi in Jerusalem, the conductor in London, the pilgrim in Mecca, or the Catholic teacher in Dunkirk.

But the same Spirit was moving in all of them. The same revelation was unfolding. The same GLORY was drawing near.

Stephanos returned to his cell, opened his Bible, and began to write. Not a treatise. Not a sermon. But a simple prayer:

"Lord, prepare Your people. Your coming is certain. Your Word cannot fail."

The third thread had been woven. The mountain had heard the whisper. And the world was beginning to awaken.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE FOURTH THREAD: THE CONDUCTOR WHO HEARD PROPHECY IN MUSIC

London breathed music. Its concert halls, cathedrals, and narrow streets carried echoes of centuries of composers who had poured their souls into sound. And among them, Johann Sebastian Bach stood alone — a titan whose work seemed to touch heaven itself.

Adrian Whitcombe, principal conductor of the London Chamber Philharmonic, had devoted his life to Bach. He conducted other composers, of course — Mozart, Beethoven, Handel — but Bach was his sanctuary. His refuge. His cathedral. Every score, every fugue, every chorale felt like a conversation with God.

Yet Adrian was not a religious man. He admired faith, respected it, even envied it at times, but he had never embraced it. His world was art, not theology. His devotion was musical, not spiritual. He believed in beauty, not prophecy. In harmony, not revelation.

That was about to change.

It began during rehearsal for Bach's *Mass in B Minor*. The choir was working through the "Sanctus," its soaring lines rising like pillars of light. Adrian lifted his baton, guiding the orchestra through the shimmering cascade of strings and trumpets. The music swelled — holy, thunderous, alive.

And then it happened.

A phrase struck him with sudden force: "Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua." Full are heaven and earth of Thy glory.

He froze. The choir continued, unaware. The orchestra played on. But Adrian felt something he had never felt before — a presence, a weight, a stirring deep within his chest. The word *glory* seemed to burn through the air.

He lowered his baton slowly. The musicians stopped. Silence filled the hall. Adrian stood motionless, his eyes unfocused, his breath shallow.

"Are you all right, Maestro?" the concertmaster asked.

Adrian nodded, though he was not sure. "Let's take five," he whispered.

He walked backstage, sat alone, and pressed his hands against his face. The music replayed in his mind — not as sound, but as revelation. He felt as though Bach himself had reached across three centuries to deliver a message.

That night, unable to rest, Adrian opened his worn score of Bach's works. He noticed something he had overlooked for years — the initials Bach wrote at the end of many compositions: "S.D.G."

Soli Deo Gloria. To God alone be the glory.

Adrian whispered the words aloud. They felt heavier than ink. They felt prophetic.

He began to research Bach's theology. He discovered that Bach had believed deeply in the literal return of Jesus Christ. That he had seen Scripture not as metaphor, but as divine truth. That his music was not merely art, but worship — a proclamation of the coming King.

Adrian felt a tremor in his soul. If Bach — the greatest musical mind in history — had believed in Christ's return, then perhaps prophecy was not superstition. Perhaps beauty itself was pointing toward truth.

He opened the Bible for the first time in years. He read Matthew 24. Then Revelation 1. Then Revelation 19. The words struck him with the same force as Bach's music — majestic, thunderous, undeniable.

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

Glory. The same word that had pierced him in rehearsal. The same word Bach had written at the end of his scores.

Adrian felt tears gather in his eyes. He had spent his life conducting beauty, yet had never realized that beauty was pointing him toward the Author of all beauty.

He whispered into the quiet of his flat, "Lord… if this is true, show me."

The Holy Spirit answered not with sound, but with awakening.

In the days that followed, Adrian found himself reading Scripture between rehearsals, praying in empty concert halls, and listening to Bach with new ears. The music no longer felt like art alone — it felt like prophecy. Like preparation. Like a herald of Christ's return.

He began to sense that others across the world were awakening too. He did not know their names — not yet. He did not know of the Harvard professor whose intellect had begun to tremble. He did not know of the Liberty University students who had rejected tradition for Scripture. He did not know of the monk on Mount Athos, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the pilgrim in Mecca, or the Catholic teacher in Dunkirk.

But he felt it. A global stirring. A rising chorus. A harmony woven by the Holy Spirit.

One evening, after a performance of the *Mass in B Minor*, Adrian stood alone on the stage. The hall was empty, the lights dim. He lifted his baton one last time and whispered:

"Soli Deo Gloria."

The fourth thread had been woven. The music had spoken. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE FIFTH THREAD: THE RABBI WHO FOUND THE MESSIAH

Jerusalem was a city of layers — ancient stones, modern streets, prayers rising like incense from every corner. It was a city where history breathed, where prophecy lingered, and where every sunrise seemed to whisper of things yet to come.

Rabbi Eliav Ben-Shahar walked those streets daily, his black coat brushing against the limestone walls, his mind filled with Scripture, tradition, and the weight of centuries. He was respected among his peers, beloved by his congregation, and known for his gentle wisdom. Yet beneath his calm exterior lay a quiet ache — a longing he could not name.

He had devoted his life to studying the Messiah. Every prophecy, every commentary, every rabbinic debate. He knew the texts by heart: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel. He knew the signs, the promises, the expectations. And yet, the Messiah had not come.

Or so he believed.

One afternoon, while preparing a lecture on Messianic prophecy, Eliav opened Isaiah 53. He had read it thousands of times, always through the lens of tradition — the suffering

servant as Israel, not an individual. But today, the words struck him differently. They felt personal. Specific. Alive.

"He was wounded for our transgressions… He was bruised for our iniquities…"

Eliav felt a tremor in his chest. He read on, slowly, carefully, as though seeing the passage for the first time.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied…"

He whispered into the quiet of his study, "Lord… who is this?"

The Holy Spirit answered with revelation.

Eliav turned to Daniel 9 — the prophecy of the Messiah being "cut off" before the destruction of the Second Temple. He had taught this passage for years, always with the same interpretation. But today, the timeline struck him with undeniable clarity.

The Messiah had to come before 70 A.D. The Messiah had to be cut off. The Messiah had to suffer.

His breath caught. His hands trembled. His heart pounded.

"It cannot be…" he whispered. But it was.

He opened the New Testament — something he had avoided his entire life. He read Matthew. Then Luke. Then John. The words burned with truth. The prophecies aligned perfectly. The timeline matched exactly. The suffering servant of Isaiah 53 was not symbolic — it was Jesus.

Jesus was the Messiah. Jesus had come. Jesus was returning.

Eliav felt tears gather in his eyes. He had spent his life searching for the Messiah, only to discover that the Messiah had been waiting for him.

He walked to the Western Wall that evening, his heart heavy and light at the same time. He pressed his hand against the ancient stones and whispered, "Forgive me, Lord… I did not see You."

The Spirit whispered back, not in words, but in peace.

In the days that followed, Eliav studied with relentless intensity. He traced every prophecy of Jesus' first coming and found them fulfilled with perfect precision. He traced every prophecy of His return and realized they would be fulfilled the same way — literally, visibly, gloriously.

He began to sense that others across the world were awakening too. He did not know their names — not yet. He did not know of the Harvard professor whose intellect had begun to

tremble. He did not know of the Liberty University students who had rejected tradition for Scripture. He did not know of the monk on Mount Athos, the conductor in London, the pilgrim in Mecca, or Marybeth, the Catholic teacher in Dunkirk.

But he felt it. A global stirring. A rising revelation. A chorus of hearts turning toward the returning King.

One night, standing on the Mount of Olives, Eliav looked toward the city and whispered:

"Come, Messiah. Come, Yeshua."

The fifth thread had been woven. Jerusalem had awakened. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER SIX

THE SIXTH THREAD: THE PILGRIM WHO MET A PROPHET IN THE DESERT

The desert surrounding Mecca was vast, ancient, and silent — a sea of sand shaped by centuries of wind and prayer. Millions traveled there each year, seeking closeness to God, seeking forgiveness, seeking meaning. Among them was a man named Omar Al-Khatib, a devout Muslim from Amman, Jordan, who had saved for years to make the pilgrimage.

Omar was sincere in his faith. He prayed five times a day, fasted during Ramadan, gave generously to the poor, and honored his family with quiet dignity. Yet beneath his devotion lay a question he had never spoken aloud — a question that had followed him since childhood.

"Lord… are You truly who I have been taught You are?"

He did not doubt God. He doubted his understanding of Him. And the desert was about to answer.

On the third day of his pilgrimage, after completing the rituals at the Kaaba, Omar felt an unexpected heaviness in his heart. Not sorrow, not fear — but a strange emptiness, as though the rituals had not filled the longing he carried. He walked away from the crowds, seeking solitude. The sun hung low over the horizon, painting the dunes in gold.

He wandered farther than he intended. The city faded behind him. The desert opened before him. And then he saw him — a solitary figure sitting upon a rock, wrapped in a simple robe, his face weathered by sun and wind.

The man looked up as Omar approached. His eyes were calm, ancient, and piercing.

"Peace be upon you," Omar said.

"And upon you," the man replied. His voice was gentle, yet carried a weight Omar could not explain.

Omar hesitated. "Are you a pilgrim?"

The man smiled faintly. "I am a servant of the Most High."

Something in his tone made Omar's heart tremble. He sat beside the stranger, feeling as though he had been expected.

"You seek God," the man said. "But you do not know Him."

Omar felt a shock of offense, then confusion, then curiosity. "I have followed Him all my life."

The man shook his head slowly. "You have followed teachings about Him. But you have not yet met Him."

The desert wind whispered around them. Omar felt his breath catch. "Who are you?"

The man looked toward the horizon. "A messenger. A witness. A voice crying in the wilderness."

Omar's heart pounded. The words echoed Scripture he had never studied.

"What do you want from me?" he whispered.

The man turned to him, his eyes burning with compassion. "To tell you the truth. The One you seek is not distant. He is not hidden. He is not silent. He has come once, and He is coming again."

Omar felt the world tilt. "You speak of… Jesus?"

The man nodded. "Yes. Isa. Yeshua. Jesus the Messiah. The Lamb of God. The returning King."

Omar shook his head, trembling. "But… He is only a prophet."

The man's voice softened. "He is more than a prophet. He is the Word of God made flesh. He is the One who died and rose again. He is the One who will return in glory."

The word struck Omar like lightning. Glory. The same word stirring hearts across the world. The same revelation unfolding in every thread of the story.

"How do you know this?" Omar whispered.

The man looked at him with eyes that seemed to see through time. "Because the Spirit is revealing it to many. Across nations. Across faiths. Across hearts. The hour is near."

Omar felt tears gather in his eyes. "Why me?"

"Because you asked," the man said. "And the Most High answers those who seek Him with a sincere heart."

The desert grew still. The air shimmered. Omar felt a presence — holy, overwhelming, undeniable. He fell to his knees, trembling.

"Lord… show me the truth."

The man placed a hand on Omar's shoulder. "You will know Him. And when He comes, you will see Him with your own eyes."

Omar looked up — but the man was gone. Vanished. As though he had never been there.

Omar stood alone in the desert, shaken to his core. He looked toward Mecca, then toward the horizon, and whispered:

"Jesus… if You are truly the Messiah… reveal Yourself to me."

The Holy Spirit answered with peace. Not loud. Not dramatic. But unmistakable.

Omar walked back toward the city, his heart burning with revelation. He did not know it yet, but his awakening would ripple across continents. He was now part of a global chorus — the professor in Harvard, the students at Liberty, the monk on Athos, the conductor in London, the rabbi in Jerusalem, and Marybeth in Dunkirk.

The sixth thread had been woven. The desert had spoken. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE SEVENTH THREAD: THE SURFER WHO FOUND TRUTH BEYOND THE WAVES

Hawaii was a symphony of color — turquoise waters, emerald cliffs, golden sunrises, and the endless rhythm of waves that seemed to breathe with the earth itself. For Kai Maleko, surfing was not a sport. It was life. It was meditation. It was the closest thing he had ever known to spirituality.

Kai was thirty-two, a gifted surfer, and a rising rock musician whose band played in beachside bars along the North Shore. His music was raw, emotional, and infused with the philosophical musings he had absorbed from Alan Watts. He admired Watts deeply — the calm voice, the Eastern wisdom, the idea that enlightenment came from dissolving the self into the universe.

Kai believed in energy, not doctrine. In harmony, not commandments. In cosmic flow, not prophecy.

But the ocean was about to teach him something deeper.

One evening, after a long surf session, Kai sat on the beach with his guitar. The sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in fire. He strummed a slow melody, letting the chords drift into the warm air. His thoughts wandered — about life, about meaning, about the emptiness that sometimes crept into his heart despite the beauty around him.

He whispered into the twilight, "If there's truth out there… show me."

The Holy Spirit heard him.

The next morning, Kai paddled out early. The waves were gentle, glassy, perfect. As he rode a long, smooth swell, he felt something strange — a presence, a weight, a whisper that seemed to rise from the water itself. He shook his head, thinking it was fatigue. But the feeling grew stronger.

He caught another wave. As he glided across the surface, the whisper became words — not audible, but unmistakable.

"I made this."

Kai nearly fell off his board. He steadied himself, heart pounding. The wave carried him all the way to shore. He sat in the sand, breathing hard, staring at the ocean as though seeing it for the first time.

"Who are You?" he whispered.

The answer came not in sound, but in revelation.

That afternoon, Kai visited a small beachside café. A woman sat alone at a table, reading a Bible. He felt drawn to her — not romantically, but spiritually, as though she carried something he needed. He approached hesitantly.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

She looked up and smiled. "The Gospel of John."

Kai sat down without knowing why. "I've never read the Bible."

She nodded gently. "Most people haven't. But it's the story of the One who made the ocean you love."

Kai felt a tremor in his chest. "Who?"

"Jesus," she said. "The Messiah. The Son of God. The One who's coming again."

The word struck him — again — like a wave breaking over his soul. Glory. The same word stirring hearts across the world. The same revelation unfolding in every thread of the story.

The woman introduced herself as Leilani, a local believer who had come to Christ years earlier. She spoke with calm certainty, explaining prophecy, Scripture, and the love of God with a clarity Kai had never encountered.

He listened for hours. He asked questions. He challenged her. He wrestled with his own beliefs.

But the Holy Spirit was already working.

That night, Kai sat alone on the beach, the moon reflecting off the waves. He opened a small Bible Leilani had given him. He read John 1. Then John 3. Then Revelation 1. The words burned with truth. They felt alive. They felt like the ocean — deep, powerful, eternal.

"And every eye shall see Him."

Kai whispered, "Jesus… if You're real… show me."

The Spirit answered with peace. Not loud. Not dramatic. But unmistakable.

In the days that followed, Kai's music changed. His lyrics shifted from cosmic philosophy to spiritual longing. His bandmates noticed. His friends noticed. Even the ocean seemed to notice — the waves felt different, as though welcoming him into a new truth.

Kai began to sense that others across the world were awakening too. He did not know their names — not yet. He did not know of the Harvard professor whose intellect had begun to tremble. He did not know of the Liberty University students who had rejected tradition for Scripture. He did not know of the monk on Athos, the conductor in London, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the pilgrim in Mecca, or Marybeth in Dunkirk.

But he felt it. A global stirring. A rising tide. A wave of revelation sweeping across nations.

One evening, standing on his surfboard beneath a crimson sky, Kai whispered:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The seventh thread had been woven. The ocean had spoken. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE EIGHTH THREAD: THE SHINTOIST WHO FOLLOWED LOVE INTO TRUTH

Japan was a land of quiet reverence — temples nestled among cedar forests, shrines glowing with lantern light, and mountains rising like ancient guardians over the islands. For Hiroshi Tanaka, Shinto was not merely religion. It was identity. It was ancestry. It was the thread that bound him to generations before him.

Hiroshi was forty-one, a soft-spoken engineer from Kyoto, known for his precision, his humility, and his devotion to tradition. He visited the shrine near his home every morning, bowing respectfully, offering prayers to the kami, and thanking the spirits of his ancestors for guidance. His life was orderly, peaceful, and deeply rooted.

But love has a way of uprooting even the most carefully tended life.

Hiroshi had met Emily Carter, an Australian Christian woman, during a technology conference in Osaka. She was warm, intelligent, and carried a quiet joy that seemed to radiate from her. Hiroshi admired her immediately — not only her kindness, but the serenity she carried, a serenity deeper than meditation or ritual.

They became friends. Then more than friends. But their beliefs stood between them like a mountain.

One evening, while walking along the Philosopher's Path in Kyoto, Emily paused beneath a cherry tree in bloom. The petals drifted around them like soft snow. She looked at Hiroshi with gentle seriousness.

"I care for you deeply," she said. "But I cannot share my life with someone who does not know the truth of Christ."

Hiroshi felt his heart tighten. "I respect your faith," he said softly. "But my ancestors… my traditions… they are part of me."

Emily nodded. "I know. And I honor that. But I also know that Jesus is the Messiah — the One who came, and the One who is coming again. I cannot pretend otherwise."

Her words were not harsh. They were honest. And honesty has a way of piercing the heart.

That night, Hiroshi sat alone in his small apartment, staring at the kamidana — the household shrine — on his wall. He felt torn between two worlds: the world of his ancestors, and the world of the woman he loved.

He whispered into the quiet, "Kami… ancestors… help me understand."

But the answer came from Someone else.

The next morning, Hiroshi visited Fushimi Inari Shrine. The thousands of vermilion torii gates stretched before him like a river of tradition. He walked slowly, feeling the weight of centuries pressing upon him. Yet beneath that weight, he felt something new — a stirring, a whisper, a gentle pull toward truth.

Halfway up the mountain, he met an elderly monk sweeping the path. The man looked up, his eyes kind and knowing.

"You are searching," the monk said.

Hiroshi froze. "How do you know?"

The monk smiled. "Because your heart is loud."

Hiroshi felt a tremor. "I do not want to betray my ancestors."

The monk leaned on his broom. "Honoring your ancestors does not mean refusing truth. They sought wisdom. They sought purity. They sought the divine. And the divine has revealed Himself."

Hiroshi swallowed hard. "To whom?"

The monk's voice softened. "To the world. Through Jesus — the Messiah, the Son of God, the One who will return in glory."

The word struck Hiroshi like a bell ringing through the mountains. Glory. The same word stirring hearts across the world. The same revelation unfolding in every thread of the story.

"How do you know this?" Hiroshi whispered.

The monk looked toward the sky. "Because the Spirit is moving. Across nations. Across traditions. Across hearts. The hour is near."

Hiroshi felt tears gather in his eyes. "But what of my ancestors?"

The monk placed a hand on his shoulder. "They sought truth. And truth has come. Honor them by following it."

The wind rustled the torii gates. The mountain seemed to breathe. Hiroshi felt a peace he had never known — not the quiet of ritual, but the quiet of revelation.

He whispered, "Jesus… if You are real… show me."

The Holy Spirit answered with warmth. Not loud. Not dramatic. But unmistakable.

In the days that followed, Hiroshi read the Bible Emily had given him. He studied the prophecies of Isaiah, Daniel, and the Gospels. He discovered that the prophecies of Jesus' first coming had been fulfilled exactly — and that the prophecies of His return would be fulfilled the same way.

He met with Emily again beneath the cherry blossoms. He took her hands gently.

"I believe," he said. "Not because of you. But because of Him."

Emily's eyes filled with tears. "Then we walk together."

Hiroshi felt the world shift — not away from his ancestors, but toward the God who had created them. He sensed that others across the world were awakening too. He did not know their names — not yet. He did not know of the Harvard professor whose intellect had begun to tremble. He did not know of the Liberty University students who had rejected tradition for Scripture. He did not know of the monk on Athos, the conductor in London, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the pilgrim in Mecca, the surfer in Hawaii, Miriam in Naples, or Marybeth in Dunkirk.

But he felt it. A global stirring. A rising revelation. A harmony woven by the Holy Spirit.

One evening, standing beneath the torii gates glowing in the sunset, Hiroshi whispered:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The eighth thread had been woven. The mountain had spoken. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER NINE

THE NINTH THREAD: THE JEWISH WOMAN WHO ALREADY KNEW THE TRUTH

Naples, Florida was a place of sunlight — warm breezes drifting through palm trees, quiet neighborhoods resting beneath cloudless skies, and the Gulf waters shimmering like liquid glass. It was a place where retirees found peace, where families found comfort, and where life moved gently.

For Miriam Gold, Naples was also the place where she had found salvation.

Miriam was sixty-eight, a Jewish woman raised in a conservative home in New Jersey. She had grown up attending synagogue, honoring the feasts, and listening to her father read the Torah at the dining room table. She loved her heritage deeply — the stories of Abraham, Moses, David, and the prophets. Yet even as a child, she had sensed something missing.

A silence. A longing. A question that never left her heart.

"Where is the Messiah?"

She carried that question into adulthood. Through marriage. Through motherhood. Through loss. Through the quiet ache of watching her parents pass away without ever seeing the promise fulfilled.

Then, at fifty-three, she met Him.

It happened in a small Bible study hosted by a Christian neighbor. Miriam had attended out of politeness, intending only to listen. But the leader read Isaiah 53 aloud — slowly, reverently, letting each word settle like dew.

"He was wounded for our transgressions… He was bruised for our iniquities…"

Miriam felt her breath catch. She had heard the passage before, but never like this. The words felt alive. They felt personal. They felt like the answer she had been seeking her entire life.

When the leader finished, Miriam whispered, "This is Jesus."

The room fell silent. Her neighbor took her hand gently. And Miriam wept — not in sorrow, but in recognition.

She accepted Christ that night. Not as a rejection of her Jewish identity, but as its fulfillment. Not as a departure from her heritage, but as the completion of it.

For thirteen years, Miriam had walked with Jesus quietly, faithfully, joyfully. She read Scripture daily. She prayed for her children. She volunteered at a local outreach center. She lived her faith with humility, never forcing it upon others, but never hiding it either.

Yet something new was stirring in her heart — a sense of urgency she could not explain.

It began one morning as she read Matthew 24. She had read it many times, but today the words felt sharper, clearer, more immediate.

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

Glory. The same word stirring hearts across the world. The same revelation unfolding in every thread of the story.

Miriam closed her Bible slowly. "Lord… is Your return near?"

The Holy Spirit answered with peace — deep, steady, unmistakable.

In the days that followed, Miriam began to sense that others across the world were awakening too. She watched testimonies online — a professor in Harvard, students at Liberty, a monk on Mount Athos, a conductor in London, a rabbi in Jerusalem, a pilgrim in Mecca, a surfer in Hawaii, a Shintoist in Japan.

She felt connected to them, though she did not know their names. She felt part of something vast, something holy, something rising.

One afternoon, while walking along the Naples pier, Miriam saw a young woman sitting alone, crying softly. She approached gently.

"Are you all right?" Miriam asked.

The woman wiped her eyes. "I don't know what I believe anymore."

Miriam sat beside her. "Then let me tell you what I know."

She spoke of Jesus — the Messiah, the Lamb of God, the One who came and the One who is coming again. She spoke of prophecy fulfilled with perfect precision. She spoke of the peace that had filled her life since the night she met Him.

The woman listened, trembling. "I want that peace."

Miriam smiled softly. "Then ask Him. He is near."

The woman prayed. The Spirit moved. And another heart awakened.

Miriam walked home beneath the golden Florida sky, feeling the quiet joy of obedience. She sensed that her role was not dramatic, not global, not spectacular — but essential. She was a witness. A light. A thread woven into a tapestry far larger than herself.

One evening, standing on her balcony as the sun dipped into the Gulf, Miriam whispered:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The ninth thread had been woven. Florida had awakened. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER TEN

THE TENTH THREAD: MARYBETH — THE TEACHER WHO FINALLY SAW

Dunkirk, New York was a small town — quiet streets, familiar faces, and the steady rhythm of Lake Erie waves brushing the shore. It was a place where people knew one another, where traditions ran deep, and where faith was woven into the fabric of everyday life.

For Marybeth Donnelly, Dunkirk was home. It had always been home.

She was seventy-four, a gentle, soft-spoken Catholic schoolteacher who had spent her life shaping young minds with patience and kindness. Her classroom walls were lined with Scripture verses, saint biographies, and hand-drawn artwork from decades of students. She loved her work. She loved her faith. She loved her Lord.

But she had never understood prophecy. Not fully. Not deeply. Not the way Scripture intended.

Marybeth had grown up believing in the Rapture — the sudden disappearance of believers, the vanishing of millions, the secret coming of Christ. It was what she had been taught. It was what she had accepted. It was what she had quietly feared.

Yet something in her heart had always felt unsettled. A whisper. A question. A gentle tug she could never quite explain.

It was her brother who finally gave voice to that whisper.

He was Protestant, thoughtful, and deeply rooted in Scripture. Over the years, he had shared verses with her — Matthew 24, 1 Thessalonians 4, Revelation 19 — passages that spoke not of secrecy, but of glory. Not of vanishing, but of appearing. Not of fear, but of triumph.

Marybeth listened politely. She nodded. She smiled. But she did not let the words sink in.

Until now.

THE AWAKENING

It began on a quiet Sunday afternoon. Marybeth sat at her kitchen table, a cup of tea beside her, her rosary resting gently in her hand. She opened her Bible — the same worn, beloved Bible she had carried since her twenties — and turned to Matthew 24.

She read slowly. Carefully. Prayerfully.

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven… And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

She froze. Her breath caught. Her heart trembled.

She whispered, "Lord… this is not secret."

She turned to 1 Thessalonians 4.

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout…"

A shout. Not silence. Not secrecy. A shout.

She felt tears gather in her eyes. She turned to Revelation 1.

"Every eye shall see Him."

Every eye. Not some. Not a few. Every eye.

Marybeth closed her Bible slowly, her hands trembling. She felt the Holy Spirit move through her heart like a warm wind — gentle, loving, unmistakable.

"Lord… I did not understand. But I see now."

THE CONFIRMATION

The next day, Marybeth visited her brother. She sat at his kitchen table, the same table where they had shared countless conversations over the years. He poured her coffee, smiling warmly.

She looked at him with quiet intensity. "I read the passages," she said. "All of them. And… you were right."

Her brother's eyes softened. "Not me," he said. "Scripture."

Marybeth nodded, tears slipping down her cheeks. "It's so clear. So beautiful. So… glorious."

Her brother reached across the table and took her hand. "He's coming, Marybeth. Not secretly. Not quietly. But in power and great glory."

She whispered, "I believe it."

THE PURPOSE

In the weeks that followed, Marybeth felt a new fire in her heart — not loud, not dramatic, but steady and bright. She began sharing Scripture with her fellow teachers, her neighbors, her former students. She spoke gently, never forcefully, always with love.

Some listened. Some resisted. Some wept.

But all felt the sincerity in her voice.

Marybeth sensed that she was part of something vast — a global awakening, a rising chorus of hearts turning toward the returning Christ. She did not know the others — not yet. She did not know of the Harvard professor, the Liberty students, the monk on Athos, the conductor in London, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the pilgrim in Mecca, the surfer in Hawaii, or the Shintoist in Japan.

But she felt them. She felt the Spirit weaving their stories together. She felt GLORY drawing near.

THE PRAYER

One evening, standing beside Lake Erie as the sun dipped below the horizon, Marybeth whispered into the wind:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The tenth thread had been woven. Dunkirk had awakened. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE ELEVENTH THREAD: EMILY — THE WOMAN WHO CARRIED LIGHT ACROSS OCEANS

Sydney, Australia was a city of brightness — sunlit harbors, sweeping coastlines, and the endless hum of life moving with confidence and ease. For Emily Carter, Sydney was home, but it was also the place where she had first met Jesus.

Emily was thirty-five, warm-hearted, intelligent, and quietly courageous. She worked as a software consultant, traveled frequently for conferences, and carried her faith with a

gentleness that drew people in rather than pushing them away. Her smile was calm, her voice steady, and her presence peaceful — the kind of peace that came not from personality, but from the Holy Spirit.

She had grown up in a secular household. Her parents were kind, loving, and moral, but faith had never been part of their lives. Emily's childhood was filled with books, beaches, and curiosity — but not Scripture. She believed in kindness, not commandments; in compassion, not doctrine.

Everything changed when she was twenty-one.

THE CALLING

Emily had been invited to a small Bible study by a university friend. She attended reluctantly, expecting awkwardness or pressure. Instead, she found warmth, sincerity, and a sense of presence she could not explain. The group read from the Gospel of John — simple words, yet alive with meaning.

"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

Emily felt something stir deep within her — a warmth, a pull, a whisper. She returned the next week. And the next. And the next.

One evening, after reading John 14, she stepped outside into the cool Sydney night, looked up at the stars, and whispered:

"Jesus… if You are real… I want to know You."

The Holy Spirit answered with peace. Not loud. Not dramatic. But unmistakable.

Emily accepted Christ that night. Her life changed quietly, steadily, beautifully.

THE MISSION

Emily's faith grew strong — not loud, not showy, but deep. She studied Scripture daily. She prayed with sincerity. She volunteered at her church. She carried Christ into every conversation, every workplace, every friendship.

And then she met Hiroshi Tanaka.

They met at a technology conference in Osaka. Emily admired his humility, his intelligence, and the quiet reverence he carried for his traditions. Hiroshi admired her joy, her clarity, and the peace that seemed to radiate from her. Their friendship grew naturally, gently, beautifully.

But Emily knew something Hiroshi did not — that love without truth could not stand.

One evening, beneath cherry blossoms drifting like snow, she told him the truth:

"I care for you deeply. But I cannot share my life with someone who does not know Christ."

Her words were not an ultimatum. They were honesty. They were love. They were obedience.

And they became the spark that led Hiroshi to seek the Messiah.

THE CONFIRMATION

After Hiroshi's awakening — after he whispered "I believe" beneath the cherry blossoms — Emily felt a joy she had never known. Not romantic joy, though that was present. But spiritual joy — the joy of witnessing a soul step into the light of Christ.

She held his hands gently. "Then we walk together."

Their relationship became a testimony — a bridge between cultures, traditions, and destinies. Emily sensed that God had woven their lives together not merely for companionship, but for purpose.

She began to feel something else too — a stirring, a whisper, a sense that Christ's return was near. She saw it in Scripture. She saw it in prophecy. She saw it in the global awakening unfolding across nations.

She did not know the others — not yet. She did not know of the Harvard professor, the Liberty students, the monk on Athos, the conductor in London, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the pilgrim in Mecca, the surfer in Hawaii, the Shintoist in Japan, Miriam in Naples, or Marybeth in Dunkirk.

But she felt them. She felt the Spirit weaving their stories together. She felt GLORY drawing near.

THE PRAYER

One evening, standing on a cliff overlooking the Pacific, the wind brushing her hair, Emily whispered:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The eleventh thread had been woven. Australia had awakened. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE TWELFTH THREAD: THE SIGNS THAT NO ONE COULD IGNORE

The world had been stirring — quietly, gently, almost imperceptibly — as hearts awakened across nations. A professor in Harvard. Students at Liberty. A monk on Athos. A conductor in London. A rabbi in Jerusalem. A pilgrim in Mecca. A surfer in Hawaii. A Shintoist in Japan. Miriam in Naples. Marybeth in Dunkirk. Emily in Sydney.

Their stories were threads. But now the tapestry itself began to move.

The signs did not begin with catastrophe. They began with wonder.

THE FIRST SIGN: THE SKY THAT SANG

It happened over the Pacific Ocean — a shimmering aurora that appeared where auroras never appear. Pilots reported waves of color rippling across the sky like curtains of living light. Scientists scrambled for explanations. Solar flares. Magnetic anomalies. Atmospheric distortions.

But none of the explanations fit. The aurora moved with rhythm. With pattern. With intention.

Emily Carter stood on a cliff overlooking the sea, watching the sky pulse with colors she had never seen — gold, violet, crimson, sapphire. She felt the Holy Spirit whisper:

"I am awakening the world."

She fell to her knees, trembling.

THE SECOND SIGN: THE EARTH THAT SPOKE

Across continents, small tremors began to ripple — not destructive, but noticeable. In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav felt the ground beneath the Mount of Olives quiver gently as he prayed. In Greece, Brother Stephanos paused mid-chant as the monastery walls vibrated softly. In Japan, Hiroshi felt the torii gates hum with a strange resonance.

The tremors were synchronized. Measured. Purposeful.

Geologists were baffled. The tremors did not follow fault lines. They did not match tectonic patterns. They appeared in places where earthquakes never occur.

Ethan and Lily at Liberty University read the reports and whispered, "Matthew 24… the earth groaning."

THE THIRD SIGN: THE CHILDREN WHO DREAMED

It began in small towns. Then cities. Then nations. Children — thousands of them — began reporting the same dream.

A man in white. Standing in the clouds. Radiant. Glorious. Calling their names with love.

Marybeth heard it first from her former students. Then from neighbors. Then from parents across Dunkirk. The dream was identical — details matching perfectly, even among children who had never met.

Psychologists called it mass imagination. Skeptics called it coincidence. But Marybeth knew. She whispered, "Joel 2… your sons and daughters shall prophesy."

THE FOURTH SIGN: THE SCRIPTURE THAT SHONE

In churches across the world — Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox, and even small home fellowships — people began reporting a strange phenomenon.

Certain verses seemed to glow. Not physically. Not visibly. But spiritually — as though highlighted by the Spirit Himself.

Matthew 24:30. Revelation 1:7. 1 Thessalonians 4:16. Isaiah 53. Daniel 7.

The prophecies of His first coming. The prophecies of His return.

Miriam Gold in Naples felt her Bible burn with clarity as she read. "Lord… You are preparing Your people."

THE FIFTH SIGN: THE VOICE IN THE DESERT

Omar Al-Khatib, the pilgrim from Mecca, returned to Jordan with a fire in his heart. He began sharing his encounter with the mysterious messenger — the man who had spoken of Jesus with authority and compassion.

Others began reporting similar encounters. In Morocco. In Egypt. In Saudi Arabia. In Turkey.

Men and women described meeting strangers who spoke of Jesus with supernatural insight — strangers who vanished without explanation.

Imams were shaken. Governments were unsettled. But Omar knew. He whispered, "The Spirit is moving."

THE SIXTH SIGN: THE MUSIC THAT CHANGED

In London, Adrian Whitcombe conducted Bach's *Mass in B Minor* with renewed intensity. During the "Sanctus," the choir's voices rose like pillars of light. And then it happened — again.

The word *glory* seemed to echo through the hall with supernatural force. Musicians felt chills. Audience members wept. A journalist fainted.

Adrian lowered his baton, trembling. "Lord… You are coming."

THE SEVENTH SIGN: THE WAVES THAT BOWED

Kai Maleko surfed at sunset when he noticed something impossible. The waves — normally chaotic, unpredictable — began rising in perfect symmetry. Each swell curved with identical shape, identical height, identical rhythm.

It was as though the ocean itself was bowing.

Kai whispered, "Jesus… You made this."

THE EIGHTH SIGN: THE NATIONS THAT FELT IT

Governments began issuing quiet reports. Unexplained phenomena. Unusual atmospheric readings. Global synchronization of natural patterns.

But the people — ordinary people — felt something deeper.

A pull. A stirring. A sense that history was bending toward a single moment.

Across the world, believers whispered the same words:

"Come, Lord Jesus."

THE CONVERGENCE

The signs were gentle. Not destructive. Not catastrophic.

They were invitations. Awakenings. Whispers of approaching glory.

And across nations, the twelve awakened souls — the professor, the students, the monk, the conductor, the rabbi, the pilgrim, the surfer, the Shintoist, Miriam, Marybeth, Emily, and Father Aleksandr — felt the same truth rising like dawn.

The world was being prepared. The Spirit was moving. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE THIRTEENTH THREAD: THE PRIEST WHO HEARD GOD IN THE SNOW

Moscow in winter was a cathedral of silence — snow drifting over Red Square, bells echoing from ancient towers, and the golden domes of Orthodox churches gleaming like fire against the gray sky. It was a city where faith had survived empires, revolutions, and centuries of turmoil.

Father Aleksandr Mikhailov served at the Church of the Dormition, a modest parish tucked between two narrow streets near the Moskva River. He was sixty-one, tall, solemn, and deeply devoted to the traditions of the Russian Orthodox Church. His beard was silver, his eyes gentle, and his voice carried the weight of decades spent chanting Scripture in candlelit sanctuaries.

He had lived through the collapse of the Soviet Union, the rebirth of Russian faith, and the quiet struggles of a nation searching for identity. Through it all, he had remained steady — a shepherd, a teacher, a man of prayer.

But even the most steadfast hearts can be shaken by truth.

THE WHISPER IN THE ICONS

One evening, after vespers, Father Aleksandr remained alone in the sanctuary. The candles flickered softly. The icons glowed with warm gold. The air smelled of incense and ancient

wood. He stood before the icon of Christ Pantocrator — the Ruler of All — and whispered a prayer he had prayed thousands of times.

"Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner."

But tonight, something answered. Not audibly. Not visibly. But unmistakably.

A stirring. A whisper. A gentle pressure upon his heart.

He opened his Bible — the Slavonic text he had used for decades — and turned to Matthew 24. He read slowly, reverently, letting each word settle like snow.

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

Glory. The same word stirring hearts across the world. The same revelation unfolding in every thread of the story.

Father Aleksandr felt a tremor in his chest. He turned to 1 Thessalonians 4.

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout…"

A shout. Not secrecy. Not silence. A shout.

He turned to Revelation 1.

"Every eye shall see Him."

Every eye. Not only the faithful. Not only the righteous. Every eye.

He closed the Bible slowly, his hands trembling. "Lord… Your return is not hidden. It is glorious."

THE SNOW THAT SPOKE

The next morning, Moscow was blanketed in fresh snow. Father Aleksandr walked to the church, his boots crunching softly. As he approached the entrance, he noticed something strange — the snow on the steps had melted in a perfect circle, as though warmed by an unseen presence.

He knelt, touched the stone, and felt warmth — impossible warmth in the freezing air.

He whispered, "Holy Spirit… is this You?"

The warmth deepened. Not burning. Not frightening. But comforting — like a hand placed gently upon his shoulder.

He felt the Spirit whisper:

“Prepare My people.”

THE REVELATION

In the days that followed, Father Aleksandr studied Scripture with renewed intensity. He traced prophecies through Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Revelation. He discovered that the early church — including the ancient Orthodox fathers — had expected a visible, triumphant return of Christ.

Not secret. Not symbolic. Not hidden.

Literal. Majestic. Glorious.

He read the writings of Chrysostom, Basil, and Athanasius. Their words aligned perfectly with Scripture. The truth had always been there — waiting for him to see it.

He whispered, “Lord… forgive me for not seeing sooner.”

THE CONFIRMATION

One evening, during Divine Liturgy, the choir sang the Cherubic Hymn. Their voices rose like incense, filling the sanctuary with ancient beauty. As they sang, Father Aleksandr felt something shift — a presence, a weight, a holiness that seemed to descend upon the congregation.

Several parishioners began to weep. One fell to his knees. Another whispered, “He is coming.”

Father Aleksandr felt tears gather in his eyes. “Yes,” he whispered. “He is.”

THE CONNECTION

He began to sense that others across the world were awakening too. He did not know their names — not yet. He did not know of the Harvard professor, the Liberty students, the monk on Athos, the conductor in London, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the pilgrim in Mecca, the surfer in Hawaii, the Shintoist in Japan, Miriam in Naples, Marybeth in Dunkirk, or Emily in Sydney.

But he felt them. He felt the Spirit weaving their stories together. He felt GLORY drawing near.

THE PRAYER

One night, standing outside the church as snow fell softly around him, Father Aleksandr looked toward the heavens and whispered:

“Come, Lord Jesus.”

The thirteenth thread had been woven. Russia had awakened. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE AUTHOR’S THREAD: THE MAN WHO WALKED THROUGH FIRE TO FIND GLORY

Every story in this book is a thread — woven across nations, cultures, and hearts. But one thread is different. One thread is not imagined, not symbolic, not fictional. One thread is true. It belongs to the author himself.

Jim was born to kind, loving, moral parents. His father was Greek Orthodox. His mother was Roman Catholic. He was baptized in both traditions — a child welcomed by two ancient streams of Christian faith.

But in Fredonia, New York, there was no Orthodox church. So Jim and his sister followed their mother, attending Mass faithfully. It was a gentle upbringing — warm, stable, rooted in reverence.

THE FIRE OF YOUTH

As a teenager, Jim’s world expanded. He became immersed in rock music, playing lead guitar in a garage band he started with friends. The music was loud, electric, intoxicating — a doorway into freedom and rebellion.

He enjoyed sex. He fell in love with a cheerleader from a rival school. He became engaged.

He drove a gold 1967 Camaro — fast, beautiful, unforgettable. He attended junior college. He avoided the Vietnam War with a high lottery number.

Life felt wide open. The future felt limitless.

But the engagement ended. Jim matured. He knew it was necessary.

THE SUMMER OF 1969

Jim went to Woodstock. The music. The crowds. The chaos. The freedom.

He became involved with marijuana and LSD. He experienced sex without love. He faced an abortion — a wound that would follow him silently for years.

He traveled to Greece, seeking roots, identity, meaning.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

After graduating from the State University, Jim moved to White Plains, then Manhattan, pursuing the music business and songwriting. He became deeply enamored with New Age philosophy — Eastern mysticism, cosmic consciousness, and especially the writings of Alan Watts.

Watts' voice was calm, hypnotic, philosophical. Jim absorbed every word. He believed enlightenment was found in dissolving the self into the universe.

He married his college girlfriend. They honeymooned in Greece. They divorced four years later — no children, only memories and lessons.

Jim returned to Fredonia — to the loving embrace of his family. It was a homecoming of healing.

THE TURNING POINT

Back in his hometown, Jim became interested in a Protestant Gospel music group. Their sincerity touched him. Their worship stirred him. He attended their charismatic church, feeling something he had never felt in Eastern philosophy — the presence of the Holy Spirit.

Then came the book. Ellis H. Skolfield's *The Hidden Beast 2*.

Jim had grown up with a Baptist-influenced view of prophecy, shaped by *The Late Great Planet Earth*. But Skolfield's work dismantled that framework with Scripture, history, and clarity.

Jim's understanding changed dramatically. Not emotionally. Not impulsively. But biblically.

He saw that prophecy was literal. That Christ's return was visible. That Scripture was precise.

He was inspired — deeply, permanently — to join the Greek Orthodox Church. Not as a return to childhood tradition, but as a return to truth.

THE CALLING

Jim created his own website — offering his music, his writing, his testimony freely. No price. No profit. No self-promotion.

Only this: That God may be glorified. And that others might come unto Him.

His life became a witness. His story became a thread. His testimony became part of *GLORY*.

THE PRAYER OF THE AUTHOR

One evening, sitting at his desk in Fredonia, Jim whispered the same words spoken by believers across the world — the monk on Athos, the rabbi in Jerusalem, the conductor in London, the pilgrim in Mecca, the surfer in Hawaii, the Shintoist in Japan, Miriam in Naples, Marybeth in Dunkirk, Emily in Sydney, Father Aleksandr in Moscow.

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The author's thread had been woven. The witness had spoken. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE GLOBAL CONVERGENCE: WHEN THE THREADS BEGAN TO WEAVE THEMSELVES

The world had changed. Quietly at first. Then unmistakably.

Signs had appeared in the sky, in the earth, in the hearts of children, in the Scriptures themselves. Nations felt a pull they could not explain. Governments whispered. Scientists scrambled. Believers prayed. Skeptics trembled.

And across continents, thirteen awakened souls — each touched by the Holy Spirit — began to sense the same truth rising like dawn.

The hour was near. The King was approaching. GLORY was drawing close.

THE STIRRING OF THE THIRTEEN

They did not know one another. Not yet. But the Spirit was weaving their lives together with invisible thread.

- **Ethan and Lily** in Virginia felt Scripture burning with clarity.
- **Adrian Whitcombe** in London heard prophecy in Bach's music.
- **Rabbi Eliav** in Jerusalem saw the Messiah in Isaiah 53.
- **Brother Stephanos** on Mount Athos felt the mountain tremble.
- **Omar Al-Khatib** in Jordan remembered the desert messenger.
- **Kai Maleko** in Hawaii watched the waves bow.
- **Hiroshi Tanaka** in Kyoto felt the torii gates hum with revelation.
- **Miriam Gold** in Naples saw Scripture glow with truth.
- **Marybeth** in Dunkirk finally understood prophecy.
- **Emily Carter** in Sydney felt the Spirit whisper through the aurora.
- **Father Aleksandr** in Moscow heard God in the snow.
- **The Harvard professor** felt his intellect bow to Scripture.
- **The Author — Jim** in Fredonia carried his witness into the world.

Thirteen threads. Thirteen awakenings. Thirteen hearts prepared for what was coming.

THE FIRST GLOBAL EVENT: THE SIGN IN THE SKY

It began at 2:14 a.m. Eastern Time. A pulse of light — not lightning, not aurora, not meteor — rippled across the sky.

It was seen in New York. Then London. Then Jerusalem. Then Tokyo. Then Sydney. Then Moscow.

A single wave of radiance circling the globe in seconds. Gold. White. Crimson. Sapphire.

Every believer felt it. Every skeptic noticed it. Every child dreamed of it.

Marybeth woke from sleep, whispering, "Lord… is this You?"

THE SECOND GLOBAL EVENT: THE SOUND WITHOUT SOURCE

At 2:17 a.m., a sound rolled across the earth — soft, resonant, impossible. Not thunder. Not explosion. Not machinery.

It was a chord. A harmony. A single sustained note that seemed to vibrate through stone, water, air, and bone.

Adrian Whitcombe in London recognized it instantly. It was the exact pitch of the final chord in Bach's *Sanctus*. A chord written to symbolize the glory of God.

He fell to his knees. "Lord… You are calling the nations."

THE THIRD GLOBAL EVENT: THE SCRIPTURE THAT SPOKE

At 2:19 a.m., millions of believers across the world opened their Bibles — not knowing why — and found the same verse glowing in their hearts:

"Every eye shall see Him."

Revelation 1:7. The verse of convergence. The verse of unveiling.

Rabbi Eliav in Jerusalem whispered, "Messiah… You are near."

THE FOURTH GLOBAL EVENT: THE HEARTS THAT BURNED

At 2:21 a.m., the thirteen awakened souls felt something unmistakable — a pull, a summons, a gentle but irresistible call from the Holy Spirit.

Not to a place. Not to a person. But to one another.

They felt names they had never heard. Faces they had never seen. Stories they had never known.

Jim in Fredonia felt it strongest — a warmth spreading through his chest, a whisper rising like wind:

"The threads are meeting. Prepare to witness My glory."

THE FIFTH GLOBAL EVENT: THE MESSAGE

At 2:23 a.m., every awakened believer — not just the thirteen — heard the same words in their hearts. Not audible. Not spoken. But clear. Precise. Undeniable.

"Behold, I come quickly."

The world froze. The Spirit moved. The convergence began.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END — AND THE BEGINNING OF GLORY

The thirteen threads were no longer separate. They were being drawn together by the hand of God.

Across continents, across cultures, across faith backgrounds, across languages — the Spirit was weaving a tapestry that no human could have imagined.

The convergence had begun. The world was awakening. And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE FIRST TRUMPET: WHEN THE HEAVENS BREATHED FIRE

The convergence had begun. The thirteen awakened souls felt the pull of the Spirit. The world trembled beneath signs that no scientist could explain.

And then — the heavens opened.

THE STILLNESS BEFORE THE SOUND

It happened at dawn. Not everywhere at once, but in a wave — a rolling sunrise of divine intention.

In Fredonia, Jim stepped outside, coffee in hand, feeling a strange pressure in the air. In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav paused mid-prayer, sensing a presence. In London, Adrian Whitcombe felt his baton tremble in his hand. In Mount Athos, Brother Stephanos stopped chanting. In Moscow, Father Aleksandr felt the icons glow with warmth.In Sydney, Emily Carter felt her heart race. In Dunkirk, Marybeth whispered, "Lord… is it time?"

The world grew quiet. Animals froze. Birds stopped singing. Wind ceased. Even the oceans paused their rhythm.

Creation held its breath.

THE SOUND THAT WAS NOT OF THIS WORLD

Then it came. Not from the sky. Not from the earth. But from the throne of God.

A trumpet — the first trumpet — sounded.

It was not loud. It was not violent. It was not chaotic.

It was pure. Holy. Terrifying in its beauty.

A single note, sustained, shimmering like liquid gold. A sound that pierced stone, water, flesh, and soul. A sound that every human heard — believer and unbeliever alike.

Children woke from sleep. Elders fell to their knees. Animals bowed their heads. The earth vibrated with reverence.

Jim felt the sound pass through him like fire. He whispered, "Glory… glory… glory."

THE SIGN IN THE SKY

As the trumpet sounded, the sky changed. Clouds parted. Light poured through — not sunlight, but something purer, whiter, alive.

It spread across continents in seconds. A veil lifting. A curtain opening. A revelation beginning.

In Hawaii, Kai Maleko watched the waves rise in perfect symmetry. In Japan, Hiroshi saw the torii gates glow. In Jordan, Omar felt the desert wind swirl around him. In Greece,

Stephanos felt the mountain tremble. In Naples, Miriam felt Scripture burn with clarity. In Dunkirk, Marybeth felt her heart ignite. In Moscow, Father Aleksandr saw snow melt in a perfect circle.

The world was being awakened. The heavens were declaring the arrival of the King.

THE FIRST TRUMPET'S JUDGMENT

Then the fire came. Not destructive — not yet — but unmistakable.

A rain of burning hail fell across the earth. Small. Controlled. Targeted.

Trees in remote forests ignited — not in chaos, but in patterns. Grasslands burned in shapes resembling ancient symbols. Satellite images showed flames forming a single word across continents:

GLORY

Scientists panicked. Governments scrambled. Believers wept.

Jim whispered, "Revelation 8… the first trumpet."

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen awakened souls felt the trumpet differently — but all felt its purpose.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with urgency.
- **Adrian** heard the trumpet's pitch match Bach's final chord.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized it as the call of Messiah.
- **Stephanos** felt the mountain bow.
- **Omar** felt the desert speak.
- **Kai** felt the ocean kneel.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors whisper truth.
- **Miriam** saw prophecy unfold.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith ignite.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge.

- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect bow to revelation.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling deepen — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FIRST TRUMPET

As the fire fell and the trumpet faded, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"Awaken, My people. The hour is at hand."

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The first trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE SECOND TRUMPET: WHEN THE SEA TURNED TO BLOOD

The first trumpet had shaken the world. The second would shake creation itself.

The thirteen awakened souls felt it before it happened — a pressure in the air, a heaviness in the spirit, a sense that the next movement of heaven was approaching like a storm.

And then the sky changed.

THE WARNING IN THE HEAVENS

It began with a shadow. A massive, impossible shadow stretching across the sky — not from a cloud, not from an eclipse, but from something descending.

In Hawaii, Kai Maleko dropped his surfboard, staring upward. In Sydney, Emily Carter felt her breath catch. In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav whispered, "Lord… have mercy." In Moscow, Father Aleksandr crossed himself, trembling. In Fredonia, Jim stepped outside, feeling the air thicken like oil.

The shadow grew. It spread across oceans. It darkened continents. It silenced birds and animals.

Creation braced itself.

THE SECOND TRUMPET SOUNDS

Then the trumpet came. The second trumpet.

It was deeper than the first — a sound like molten metal, like thunder wrapped in sorrow, like the groaning of the earth itself.

It rolled across the world in a single wave. Mountains trembled. Oceans rose. Cities shook.

Every human heard it. Every soul felt it. Every believer understood it.

Jim whispered, "Revelation 8:8… the second trumpet."

THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE

A blazing mass — a mountain of fire — fell from the sky. Not a meteor. Not an asteroid. Not a comet.

It was something else. Something alive. Something commanded.

It struck the Pacific Ocean with a roar that shook the earth's crust. A pillar of steam exploded upward, reaching miles into the sky. The shockwave rippled across continents.

Emily Carter fell to her knees on the Sydney cliffs. Kai Maleko watched the ocean convulse beneath him. Adrian Whitcombe in London felt the air vibrate with supernatural force.

The world screamed. The sea boiled. And prophecy unfolded.

THE SEA BECOMES BLOOD

One third of the ocean turned red. Not metaphorically. Not symbolically. Literally.

Satellite images confirmed it. Pilots reported it. Fishermen wept at the sight.

The Pacific — vast, ancient, mighty — had become a sea of blood. A crimson expanse stretching from Hawaii to Japan, from California to Australia.

Marine life died instantly. Whales washed ashore. Fish floated lifeless. Coral reefs dissolved.

The world watched in horror. Believers watched in awe.

Rabbi Eliav whispered, "This is the judgment Moses saw in Egypt… but global."

THE SHIPS THAT PERISHED

Cargo ships. Fishing vessels. Luxury liners. Military destroyers.

One third of them were destroyed — swallowed by boiling water, crushed by shockwaves, or burned by the falling mountain of fire.

Global trade collapsed overnight. Stock markets plunged. Governments panicked.

But the thirteen awakened souls felt something different — not fear, but clarity. The Scriptures were unfolding exactly as written. The King was drawing near.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen felt the trumpet in their spirit — a call, a warning, a summons.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with urgency.
- **Adrian** heard Bach's music echo the trumpet's tone.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the judgment foretold by the prophets.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos tremble beneath his feet.
- **Omar** felt the desert wind howl with revelation.
- **Kai** watched the ocean he loved bow to its Creator.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors whisper, "Truth has come."
- **Miriam** saw prophecy unfold with terrifying precision.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith ignite with purpose.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge through her chest.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.

- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect surrender to divine reality.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling deepen — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SECOND TRUMPET

As the sea burned and the trumpet faded, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"The time is short. Prepare your hearts."

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The second trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE THIRD TRUMPET: WHEN THE WATERS TURNED TO WORMWOOD

The first trumpet had shaken the land. The second had shaken the sea. The third would shake the rivers — and the hearts of every living soul.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it before it happened. A heaviness. A sorrow. A whisper of grief from heaven itself.

And then the sky changed.

THE STAR THAT FELL

It began with a streak of light — brilliant, white, and impossibly fast. Not a meteor. Not a comet. Not a fragment of the mountain of fire.

It was a star. A burning star. A commanded star.

It tore across the heavens like a blade of fire. It split the night sky in two. It left a trail of shimmering embers that lingered like smoke.

In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav fell to his knees. In Moscow, Father Aleksandr whispered, "Wormwood…" In Sydney, Emily felt her heart tighten. In Fredonia, Jim stepped outside, sensing the weight of prophecy.

The star descended. It grew brighter. It grew hotter. It grew nearer.

And then it struck.

THE IMPACT ON THE RIVERS

The star did not hit the ocean. It did not strike land. It fell upon the rivers — the freshwater veins of the earth.

The Mississippi. The Amazon. The Nile. The Danube. The Yangtze. The Volga. The Jordan.

One third of the rivers turned black. Then red. Then bitter.

The world watched in horror as water — the simplest, purest gift of creation — became poison.

Scientists tested samples. They found no chemical explanation. No radiation. No pollution. No earthly cause.

The water had changed at the molecular level — transformed by a force beyond nature.

It had become Wormwood. Just as Revelation foretold.

THE NAME OF THE STAR

The star had a name. Not given by astronomers. Not given by governments. Not given by myth.

It was given by God.

Wormwood. Bitterness. Judgment. A warning to the nations.

Jim whispered, "Revelation 8:10… the third trumpet."

THE DEATH IN THE WATER

People drank the water — unaware. Millions became sick. Thousands died.

Hospitals overflowed. Governments panicked. Scientists pleaded for calm.

But believers understood. This was not chaos. This was Scripture. This was prophecy. This was the unfolding of the Lamb's judgments.

Miriam Gold in Naples wept as she read Revelation 8 aloud. Marybeth in Dunkirk felt her heart break for the suffering. Omar in Jordan prayed for mercy. Hiroshi in Kyoto felt the weight of truth settle upon his soul.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen witnesses felt the trumpet in their spirit — a call, a warning, a summons to readiness.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with urgency.
- **Adrian** heard the trumpet's tone echo through Bach's music.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the bitterness foretold by the prophets.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos tremble beneath his feet.
- **Omar** felt the desert wind howl with sorrow.
- **Kai** watched the ocean recoil from the poisoned rivers.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors whisper, "Truth has come."
- **Miriam** saw prophecy unfold with terrifying precision.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith ignite with purpose.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge through her chest.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect surrender to divine reality.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling deepen — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE THIRD TRUMPET

As the rivers turned bitter and the trumpet faded, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

“Do not fear. I am with you. The hour approaches.”

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The third trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE FOURTH TRUMPET: WHEN THE LIGHTS OF HEAVEN DIMMED

The first trumpet shook the land. The second shook the sea. The third shook the rivers.

The fourth would shake the sky itself.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it before it happened — a pressure behind the eyes, a heaviness in the chest, a sense that creation was bracing for something vast, cosmic, and terrifyingly beautiful.

THE SILENCE BEFORE THE DIMMING

It began with silence. Not earthly silence — heavenly silence.

Birds stopped singing. Waves stopped crashing. Wind stopped blowing. Even human voices seemed to fade into stillness.

In Fredonia, Jim stepped outside and felt the air freeze. In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav paused mid-prayer. In London, Adrian Whitcombe lowered his baton. In Mount Athos, Brother Stephanos stopped chanting. In Moscow, Father Aleksandr felt the icons grow cold. In Sydney, Emily Carter felt her breath catch. In Dunkirk, Marybeth whispered, “Lord… the fourth trumpet.”

Creation held its breath.

THE FOURTH TRUMPET SOUNDS

Then it came — the fourth trumpet.

Its sound was unlike the others. Not fire. Not thunder. Not molten metal.

It was hollow. Empty. A sound like the echo of a dying star.

It rolled across the earth in a wave of cold light. It made the sky flicker. It made shadows stretch unnaturally long.It made the hearts of unbelievers tremble.

Jim whispered, "Revelation 8:12… the fourth trumpet."

THE DIMMING OF THE SUN

The sun flickered. Once. Twice. Three times.

Then one third of its light vanished. Instantly. Globally. Without eclipse. Without warning.

Daylight dimmed to a strange twilight — not orange, not red, not gray, but something unnatural, something cosmic, something that made the world feel suddenly smaller.

Solar panels failed. Temperatures dropped. Animals panicked. People screamed.

Believers fell to their knees.

THE MOON TURNS TO SHADOW

The moon — normally a gentle guardian of the night — lost one third of its glow. It became a dim, ghostly orb hanging in a sky that no longer felt familiar.

In Japan, Hiroshi stared upward, trembling. In Hawaii, Kai watched the moonlight vanish from the waves. In Jordan, Omar felt the desert grow unnaturally cold.

The world felt the loss. The heavens felt the wound.

THE STARS GO DARK

Then the stars dimmed. Not all — but one third.

Constellations vanished. Navigation systems failed. Astronomers wept. Children cried.

The night sky — once a canvas of beauty — became a fractured tapestry of missing lights.

Father Aleksandr in Moscow whispered, "The heavens are mourning."

THE RHYTHM OF TIME BREAKS

Then came the final blow — the one no scientist could explain.

Time itself changed. Not hours. Not minutes. But the rhythm of light and darkness.

One third of the day was plunged into night. One third of the night was plunged into deeper night.

The cycle of creation — the rhythm established in Genesis — was disrupted. Not destroyed. Not replaced. But shaken.

The world felt it. The thirteen witnesses felt it. Heaven declared it.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen felt the fourth trumpet in their spirit — a call, a warning, a summons to readiness.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with urgency.
- **Adrian** heard the trumpet's hollow tone echo through Bach's music.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the cosmic signs foretold by the prophets.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos tremble beneath his feet.
- **Omar** felt the desert wind howl with sorrow.
- **Kai** watched the ocean kneel beneath the dimmed moon.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors whisper, "Truth has come."
- **Miriam** saw prophecy unfold with terrifying precision.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith ignite with purpose.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge through her chest.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect surrender to divine reality.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling deepen — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FOURTH TRUMPET

As the lights of heaven dimmed and the trumpet faded, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"The night comes. But My glory will break it."

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The fourth trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE FIFTH TRUMPET: WHEN THE ABYSS WAS UNSEALED

The first four trumpets struck creation — land, sea, rivers, sky. The fifth would strike humanity itself.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it before it happened — a dread, a heaviness, a sorrow so deep it seemed to echo from the foundations of the earth.

Something ancient was stirring. Something imprisoned. Something long restrained.

THE FALLING STAR

It began with a star — not burning, not blazing, but falling. A dark star. A star without light. A star that seemed to absorb the brightness around it.

It descended slowly, deliberately, as though guided by an unseen hand.

In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav whispered, "This is no meteor." In Moscow, Father Aleksandr crossed himself, trembling. In Sydney, Emily felt her heart tighten. In Fredonia, Jim stepped outside, sensing the weight of prophecy.

The star struck the earth — not with fire, not with explosion, but with silence. A silence so deep it felt like death.

THE KEY TO THE ABYSS

When the star touched the ground, the earth cracked open. Not a fault line. Not an earthquake. A fissure — narrow, deep, impossibly straight.

From the fissure rose a single object: A key. Black. Ancient. Forged before the creation of man.

The star — now revealed as an angel fallen from heaven — lifted the key. He turned it. He placed it into the lock of the abyss.

And he opened it.

THE SMOKE OF THE PIT

Smoke erupted from the abyss — thick, black, suffocating. It poured upward like a volcanic plume. It blotted out the sun. It turned daylight into night.

The world gasped. Animals fled. Birds fell from the sky. People screamed as darkness swallowed the horizon.

Jim whispered, "Revelation 9… the fifth trumpet."

THE CREATURES THAT EMERGED

Then came the sound — a buzzing, a roaring, a vibration that shook the air. From the smoke emerged creatures no human had ever seen.

They were shaped like locusts, but larger — the size of wolves. Their wings beat like thunder. Their bodies shimmered like metal. Their faces resembled human faces twisted with sorrow. Their hair flowed like women's hair. Their teeth were sharp like lions. Their breastplates gleamed like iron.

And their tails — scorpion tails — dripped with venom that did not kill, but tormented.

They rose into the sky like a storm. They spread across continents. They descended upon humanity.

THE TORMENT

The creatures attacked — not to kill, but to torment. Their sting brought agony so intense that men begged for death. But death fled from them.

Hospitals overflowed. Governments collapsed. Scientists were helpless. Atheists screamed prayers. The proud bowed. The arrogant broke.

Believers were spared. Not by hiding. Not by fleeing. But by the seal of God upon their foreheads.

The thirteen witnesses felt the protection — a shield of light around their souls.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen felt the fifth trumpet in their spirit — a call, a warning, a summons to readiness.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with urgency.
- **Adrian** heard the locusts' wings echo through Bach's music.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the abyss foretold by the prophets.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos tremble beneath his feet.
- **Omar** felt the desert wind howl with terror.
- **Kai** watched the sky darken over the Pacific.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors whisper, "Truth has come."
- **Miriam** saw prophecy unfold with terrifying precision.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith ignite with purpose.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge through her chest.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect surrender to divine reality.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling deepen — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FIFTH TRUMPET

As the locusts swarmed and the abyss smoked, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

“The pit is opened. But My glory will overcome it.”

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The fifth trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

THE SIXTH TRUMPET: WHEN THE FOUR ANGELS WERE RELEASED

The fifth trumpet had opened the abyss. The sixth would open the gates of war.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it before it happened — a dread deeper than fear, a heaviness older than creation, a sorrow that seemed to echo from the throne of God.

Something ancient was about to be unleashed. Something bound since the days of Noah. Something restrained by divine command.

THE VOICE FROM THE ALTAR

It began in heaven — not on earth. A voice. A single voice. A voice from the golden altar before God.

It spoke with authority that shook the heavens:

“Release the four angels bound at the great river Euphrates.”

The words rippled across creation. The sky trembled. The earth groaned. The river shuddered.

In Jerusalem, Rabbi Eliav felt the ground quake beneath the Mount of Olives. In Moscow, Father Aleksandr felt the icons flicker with cold fire. In Sydney, Emily Carter felt her heart seize. In Fredonia, Jim whispered, “Revelation 9:14… the sixth trumpet.”

THE FOUR ANGELS

The Euphrates River — ancient, winding, sacred — began to boil. Its waters rose. Its banks cracked. Its depths glowed with unnatural light.

Then they emerged. Four angels. Not fallen. Not holy. Bound. Restrained. Imprisoned since the dawn of human rebellion.

Their faces were veiled. Their wings were folded. Their presence radiated judgment.

They rose from the river with a roar that shook the Middle East. They lifted their hands. They looked toward the nations.

And they were released.

THE ARMY OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION

The four angels did not act alone. They commanded an army. A number so vast it defied imagination.

Two hundred million. Not metaphor. Not symbol. Literal.

An army of mounted beings — not human, not animal, not earthly.

Their horses breathed fire and smoke and sulfur. Their riders wore breastplates of red, blue, and yellow. Their tails struck like serpents. Their mouths roared like furnaces.

They marched across continents. They crossed oceans. They filled the horizon with terror.

And one third of mankind perished.

THE WORLD BREAKS

Cities fell. Nations collapsed. Armies dissolved. Governments fled.

The proud bowed. The arrogant broke. The unbelieving cursed God. The faithful cried out for mercy.

Hospitals overflowed. Markets crashed. Civilization trembled.

But the thirteen witnesses — sealed by God — were spared. Not by hiding. Not by fleeing. But by divine protection.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen felt the sixth trumpet in their spirit — a call, a warning, a summons to readiness.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with urgency.
- **Adrian** heard the thunder of the army echo through Bach's music.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the angels foretold by the prophets.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos tremble beneath his feet.
- **Omar** felt the desert wind howl with terror.
- **Kai** watched the Pacific darken under the army's shadow.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors whisper, "Truth has come."
- **Miriam** saw prophecy unfold with terrifying precision.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith ignite with purpose.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge through her chest.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect surrender to divine reality.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling deepen — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SIXTH TRUMPET

As the army marched and the angels advanced, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"The hour is near. Prepare for My glory."

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The sixth trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was drawing near.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

THE SEVENTH TRUMPET: WHEN THE KINGDOM WAS DECLARED

Six trumpets had sounded. Six judgments had shaken creation. Six warnings had echoed across the earth.

The seventh would not be a warning. It would be a proclamation. A declaration. A coronation.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it before it happened — not dread, not fear, but awe. A rising joy. A trembling hope. A sense that heaven was about to speak with finality.

THE STILLNESS OF HEAVEN

Before the seventh trumpet sounded, heaven fell silent. Not for seconds. Not for minutes. But for a span of time that felt eternal.

The angels stopped singing. The elders stopped bowing. The living creatures ceased their praise. Even the thunder around the throne quieted.

All of heaven waited. All of creation listened. All of prophecy leaned forward.

Jim in Fredonia felt the silence like a weight on his chest. Rabbi Eliav in Jerusalem felt the air freeze. Emily in Sydney felt her breath stop. Father Aleksandr in Moscow felt the icons glow with anticipation.

The world held its breath. Heaven held its breath.

Then the trumpet sounded.

THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTH TRUMPET

The seventh trumpet was unlike any before it. Not hollow. Not fiery. Not thunderous. Not sorrowful.

It was royal. Triumphant. Majestic. A sound that seemed to split the sky with glory.

It rang like a coronation trumpet. It echoed like the announcement of a King. It vibrated through mountains, oceans, cities, and souls.

Every believer felt joy. Every unbeliever felt terror. Every angel bowed. Every demon screamed.

Jim whispered, "Revelation 11… the seventh trumpet."

THE VOICES IN HEAVEN

As the trumpet faded, voices erupted in heaven — loud, unified, thunderous, shaking the foundations of creation.

"THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD HAVE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST, AND HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER."

The declaration rolled across the universe. It shook galaxies. It made stars tremble. It made the earth quake.

The King was coming. The reign was beginning. The mystery was ending.

THE TEMPLE IN HEAVEN OPENS

Then the heavenly temple opened — not symbolically, not spiritually, but visibly. The veil lifted. The doors parted.The inner sanctuary was revealed.

Inside, the Ark of the Covenant appeared — the true Ark, the heavenly Ark, the one Moses saw in vision.

Lightning flashed around it. Thunder roared. Voices echoed. A great earthquake shook the earth.

The world trembled beneath the unveiling of divine holiness.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen witnesses felt the seventh trumpet in their spirit — not as judgment, but as destiny.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with triumph.
- **Adrian** heard the trumpet's royal tone echo through Bach's *Hallelujah*.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the coronation of Messiah.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos bow beneath glory.

- **Omar** felt the desert wind whisper, “The King is coming.”
- **Kai** watched the Pacific shimmer with supernatural light.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors fall silent before the true God.
- **Miriam** saw prophecy reach its climax.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith burst into joy.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge like fire.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect bow to revelation.
- **Jim** felt the Author’s calling reach its purpose — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEVENTH TRUMPET

As the heavenly temple opened and the Ark shone with glory, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

“THE KING IS COMING.”

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The seventh trumpet had sounded.

And GLORY was no longer merely near — GLORY was at the door.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE OPENING OF HEAVEN: WHEN THE VEIL WAS LIFTED

The seventh trumpet had sounded. The Kingdom had been declared. The Ark had been revealed.

Now heaven itself would open. Not symbolically. Not spiritually. But visibly — to the eyes of the world.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it before it happened — a rising warmth, a trembling joy, a sense that the veil between worlds was thinning. The King was approaching. GLORY was at the threshold.

THE LIGHT THAT BROKE THE SKY

It began with a crack — a thin line of light stretching across the sky like a seam splitting open. Not lightning. Not aurora. Not meteor.

A tear. A rift. A doorway.

The light was not white. It was not gold. It was not any color known to creation.

It was the light of heaven — living, breathing, holy. A light that made shadows flee. A light that made darkness recoil. A light that made the earth tremble.

Jim in Fredonia felt his heart ignite. Rabbi Eliav in Jerusalem fell to his knees. Emily in Sydney felt tears stream down her face. Father Aleksandr in Moscow whispered, "Lord… You are opening the heavens."

THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS

Then came the sound — not trumpet, not thunder, not wind. A sound like many waters. A sound like oceans singing. A sound like rivers rejoicing. A sound like creation itself lifting its voice.

It rolled across continents. It shook mountains. It filled valleys. It echoed through cities.

Believers recognized it instantly. It was the sound of the voice of God.

THE VEIL LIFTS

The crack widened. The seam tore. The sky peeled back like a curtain.

And heaven appeared. Not clouds. Not visions. Not symbols.

Heaven — the true heaven — opened before the eyes of the world.

A vast expanse of living light. A sea of crystal shimmering like fire. A throne rising like a mountain of glory. Angels filling the horizon like stars.

The world gasped. The faithful wept. The unbelieving trembled.

THE THRONE OF GOD

At the center of the opening stood the Throne — radiant, blazing, alive. Lightning flashed around it. Thunder rolled beneath it. Voices sang above it.

The One seated upon the Throne shone with a brilliance that made the sun seem dim. His presence filled the sky.His glory filled the earth.

The nations saw Him. The kings saw Him. The poor saw Him. The proud saw Him.

Every eye beheld the Throne.

THE LAMB APPEARS

Then the Lamb stepped forward — the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the Lamb who is Lion, the Lamb who is King.

His wounds shone like jewels. His face burned with love. His eyes blazed with fire. His voice thundered with authority.

He lifted His hand. He looked upon the earth. He spoke a single word:

"BEHOLD."

The world trembled. The heavens rejoiced. The thirteen witnesses felt their souls ignite.

THE THIRTEEN RESPOND

Each of the thirteen felt the opening of heaven in their spirit — not as terror, but as destiny.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture blaze with fulfillment.
- **Adrian** heard heaven's opening echo through Bach's *Gloria*.
- **Rabbi Eliav** recognized the unveiling of Messiah.
- **Stephanos** felt Mount Athos bow beneath glory.
- **Omar** felt the desert wind whisper, "The Lamb lives."
- **Kai** watched the Pacific shimmer with heavenly light.
- **Hiroshi** felt the ancestors fall silent before the true God.

- **Miriam** saw prophecy reach its climax.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith burst into joy.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit surge like fire.
- **Father Aleksandr** felt heaven touch earth.
- **The Harvard professor** felt intellect bow to revelation.
- **Jim** felt the Author's calling reach its purpose — a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen hearts. Thirteen witnesses. Thirteen threads woven by God Himself.

THE MESSAGE OF THE OPENING OF HEAVEN

As heaven opened and the Lamb stepped forward, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"THE KING IS HERE."

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. Heaven was open.

And GLORY had arrived.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE GREAT SHOUT AND THE DESCENT OF THE KING

Heaven was open. The Throne was revealed. The Lamb stood in glory.

Now the King would descend. Not secretly. Not symbolically. Not quietly.

But with the shout that would shake the universe.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it rising — a pressure, a warmth, a trembling joy that made their hearts race.The moment had come. The promise was being fulfilled. GLORY was stepping into creation.

THE SHOUT THAT SPLIT THE SKY

It began with a breath — a single inhalation from the Lamb, felt across galaxies. Then the shout came.

A shout that rolled across the heavens like a tidal wave of fire. A shout that made stars tremble. A shout that made angels bow. A shout that made demons scream. A shout that made the earth quake.

It was not a cry of war. Not a cry of judgment. Not a cry of wrath.

It was the cry of a King returning for His people.

“COME UP!”

The shout echoed across continents. It vibrated through mountains. It shook oceans. It pierced every human soul.

Believers felt their hearts ignite. Unbelievers felt terror. Creation felt liberation.

THE VOICE OF THE ARCHANGEL

Immediately after the shout came another sound — the voice of the archangel. Michael. The guardian of Israel.The protector of the faithful. The warrior of heaven.

His voice thundered like ten thousand waterfalls. It rolled across the earth with authority. It declared the arrival of the King.

“THE LORD OF GLORY DESCENDS!”

The world trembled. The heavens rejoiced. The thirteen witnesses felt their souls burn with holy fire.

THE TRUMPET OF GOD

Then came the final sound — not one of the seven trumpets, but the trumpet of God Himself. A sound no angel could produce. A sound no human could endure without divine protection.

It was pure. It was holy. It was infinite.

It rang across creation with a force that made the universe vibrate. It shook the foundations of the earth. It split the sky into rivers of light.

Jim whispered, "1 Thessalonians 4… the trumpet of God."

THE DESCENT OF THE KING

He appeared. Not as a distant figure. Not as a symbolic vision. Not as a spiritual metaphor.

He appeared bodily. Visibly. Majestically.

Jesus — the Lamb, the Lion, the King — stepped through the opening in heaven. His face shone like the sun. His eyes blazed with fire. His robe glowed with righteousness. His feet burned like bronze. His voice thundered with love.

He descended with clouds swirling around Him — living clouds, radiant clouds, clouds filled with angels.

Lightning flashed behind Him. Thunder rolled beneath Him. Glory poured from Him like a river of light.

Every eye saw Him. Every nation beheld Him. Every soul felt His presence.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE FAITHFUL

As He descended, the earth shook — not with destruction, but with resurrection. Graves opened. Dust stirred.Light poured into tombs.

The faithful who had died rose — not as spirits, not as shadows, but as living, glorified beings. Their bodies shone with heavenly radiance. Their faces glowed with joy. Their voices sang with triumph.

They rose to meet the King in the air. They rose with laughter. They rose with tears. They rose with glory.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE LIVING

Then the living believers felt it — a surge of power, a wave of holiness, a transformation that began in their hearts and spread through their bodies.

Their mortal flesh dissolved into immortality. Their weakness became strength. Their sorrow became joy. Their aging became youth.

They were changed — instantly, gloriously, eternally.

Jim felt his body ignite with light. Marybeth felt her soul lift. Emily felt her heart burst with joy. Rabbi Eliav felt prophecy fulfilled in his bones. Father Aleksandr felt heaven embrace him.

The thirteen witnesses rose — not as symbols, but as participants in the greatest moment in history.

THE MEETING IN THE AIR

The resurrected and the transformed rose together — a vast multitude, a sea of light, a chorus of glory. They ascended toward the King. They met Him in the air. They surrounded Him with worship.

He embraced them. He welcomed them. He crowned them with joy.

The world below trembled. The heavens above rejoiced. The universe bowed.

THE MESSAGE OF THE DESCENT

As the King descended and the faithful rose, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"YOU ARE MINE."

The world trembled. The Spirit moved. The shout had sounded. The King had descended.

And GLORY had begun.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE GATHERING, THE SUPPER, AND THE NEW CREATION

The King had descended. The faithful had risen. Heaven had opened.

Now creation would witness the greatest gathering in history, the greatest celebration ever conceived, and the greatest renewal ever promised.

The thirteen awakened witnesses felt it rising — a joy so vast it seemed to stretch across eternity. GLORY was no longer approaching. GLORY was unfolding.

THE GATHERING BEFORE THE THRONE

The Multitude Appears

The faithful — resurrected and transformed — ascended with the King. They rose through the veil of heaven.They entered the realm of glory.

A multitude beyond counting filled the expanse — every tribe, every nation, every language, every generation.Children. Elders. Martyrs. Prophets. The humble. The forgotten. The faithful.

They stood before the Throne — radiant, joyful, whole.

The sea of glass shimmered beneath their feet. Angels surrounded them like living fire. The four living creatures bowed in reverence. The twenty-four elders cast their crowns.

And the Lamb stood at the center — the King of Glory, the Light of Heaven, the Desire of Nations.

The Thirteen Witnesses Arrive

The thirteen witnesses — the threads woven across the world — approached the Throne together.

- **Ethan and Lily** walked hand-in-hand, Scripture blazing in their hearts.
- **Adrian** heard heaven's harmonies echo through his soul.
- **Rabbi Eliav** saw Messiah face-to-face.
- **Stephanos** bowed with tears of joy.
- **Omar** whispered, "My Lord and my God."
- **Kai** felt the ocean of heaven beneath his feet.
- **Hiroshi** felt truth embrace him.
- **Miriam** saw prophecy fulfilled.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith crowned.

- **Emily** felt joy beyond words.
- **Father Aleksandr** crossed himself with trembling awe.
- **The Harvard professor** bowed intellect before glory.
- **Jim** approached the Throne as a witness chosen for this hour.

Thirteen threads. One tapestry. One King.

The Song of the Redeemed

Then the multitude sang — not with earthly voices, but with glorified ones. Their song rolled across heaven like waves of living light.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB WHO WAS SLAIN!"

The Throne shook with praise. The angels joined. The elders bowed. The universe echoed.

The King smiled. And heaven rejoiced.

THE WEDDING SUPPER OF THE LAMB

The Invitation

A great angel stepped forward — radiant, towering, filled with joy. He lifted a scroll and proclaimed:

"BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO ARE CALLED TO THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB!"

The multitude erupted in celebration. The redeemed lifted their hands. The angels shouted with triumph.

The Table of Glory

A vast table appeared — stretching farther than sight, adorned with beauty beyond imagination. Its surface shimmered like crystal. Its edges glowed with gold. Its seats were prepared for every redeemed soul.

The Lamb took His place at the head. The faithful gathered around Him. The thirteen witnesses sat near the King — not by rank, but by calling.

Jim felt tears fill his eyes. He whispered, "Glory… glory… glory."

The Feast of Joy

The feast began — not with food, but with joy. Not with wine, but with glory. Not with laughter, but with love.

Every sorrow vanished. Every wound healed. Every tear wiped away. Every longing fulfilled.

The Lamb raised His cup. He declared:

"BEHOLD — THE OLD HAS PASSED AWAY."

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH

The Renewal Begins

Then heaven grew silent — not with fear, but with anticipation. The Lamb stood. He lifted His hand. He spoke a single word:

"BEHOLD."

Light erupted from His hand — a wave of creation, a river of glory, a fire of renewal. It swept across heaven. It poured into the universe. It descended upon the earth.

The Old World Passes

The broken earth dissolved. The wounded creation faded. The cursed world vanished.

No more death. No more sorrow. No more pain. No more night.

The first heaven and the first earth passed away.

The New Creation Appears

A new heaven appeared — radiant, vast, alive. A new earth emerged — pure, beautiful, whole. The sea of separation was gone. The curse was gone. The darkness was gone.

The New Jerusalem descended — a city of light, a bride adorned for her husband. Its foundations glowed with jewels. Its gates shone with pearls. Its streets shimmered with gold.

God Himself dwelt with His people. The Lamb illuminated the city. The river of life flowed from the Throne. The tree of life bore fruit for the nations.

Creation was restored. Humanity was home. GLORY was eternal.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW CREATION

As the redeemed entered the New Jerusalem, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"BEHOLD — I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

The world rejoiced. The heavens sang. The King reigned.

And GLORY had become forever.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

THE ETERNAL DAY AND THE RIVER OF LIFE

The King reigned. The redeemed rejoiced. The New Creation shimmered with glory.

Now eternity began — not with thunder, not with trumpet, not with shout, but with peace. A peace so deep it felt like the heartbeat of God.

THE ETERNAL DAY

The Light That Never Fades

There was no night. No dusk. No shadow. No darkness.

The Lamb Himself was the light — a radiance that warmed the soul, illuminated the heart, and filled the new world with everlasting day.

The redeemed walked in His brightness. Children laughed in His glow. The nations basked in His warmth.

The sun was no longer needed. The moon was no longer required. The stars bowed before the greater light.

The Eternal Day had begun.

The Life of the Redeemed

The faithful lived without fear. Without sorrow. Without pain. Without aging.

Their bodies were whole. Their minds were clear. Their hearts were full. Their joy was complete.

They walked with the King. They spoke with Him. They worshiped Him. They lived in His presence forever.

Jim felt peace deeper than memory. Marybeth felt joy beyond words. Rabbi Eliav felt prophecy fulfilled. Emily felt love without limit. Father Aleksandr felt holiness without end.

The thirteen witnesses lived in the Eternal Day — not as symbols, but as citizens of glory.

THE RIVER AND THE TREE

The River of Life

From the Throne of God and of the Lamb flowed a river — clear as crystal, alive with light, shimmering with holiness. It wound through the New Jerusalem like a ribbon of living water.

Its sound was music. Its movement was peace. Its touch was healing.

The redeemed approached it with awe. They knelt beside it. They cupped it in their hands. They drank — and felt life surge through them like fire and joy combined.

Every thirst vanished. Every longing was fulfilled. Every wound was healed.

The River of Life flowed forever.

The Tree of Life

Beside the river stood the Tree of Life — vast, radiant, towering, beautiful. Its branches stretched across the river.Its leaves shimmered with healing. Its fruit glowed with glory.

Twelve kinds of fruit — one for each month of the eternal year. Fruit that nourished. Fruit that strengthened. Fruit that filled the soul with joy.

The redeemed gathered beneath its branches. Children played among its roots. The nations found healing in its leaves.

The curse was gone. The sorrow was gone. The separation was gone.

The Tree of Life stood as the eternal symbol of restoration.

The Thirteen at the River

The thirteen witnesses walked together along the riverbank — not as prophets, not as heroes, but as redeemed souls rejoicing in the presence of the King.

- **Ethan and Lily** felt Scripture fulfilled in every breath.
- **Adrian** heard heaven's harmonies echo through the river's flow.
- **Rabbi Eliav** touched the leaves of the Tree and whispered, "Messiah… forever."
- **Stephanos** bowed in silent worship.
- **Omar** felt the river wash away every sorrow.
- **Kai** laughed as the water sparkled like the Pacific reborn.
- **Hiroshi** felt truth embrace him like sunlight.
- **Miriam** saw the promises to Israel fulfilled.
- **Marybeth** felt her lifetime of faith crowned with joy.
- **Emily** felt the Spirit dance within her.
- **Father Aleksandr** whispered ancient prayers with new meaning.
- **The Harvard professor** bowed intellect before glory.
- **Jim** felt the Author's journey complete — a witness now living in the world he longed for.

Thirteen threads. One river. One tree. One King.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ETERNAL DAY

As the redeemed walked the riverbank and rested beneath the Tree of Life, every believer heard the same words in their spirit — clear, unmistakable, divine:

"YOU WILL DWELL WITH ME FOREVER."

The Eternal Day shone. The River flowed. The Tree healed. The King reigned.

And GLORY was everlasting.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

POST SCRIPT — ANTICHRIST AND THE SKOLFIELD INTERPRETATION

This book has taken the reader through the trumpets, the opening of heaven, the descent of the King, the resurrection of the faithful, and the dawn of the New Creation. But one subject has been intentionally absent: the Antichrist.

This omission is not accidental. It is deliberate. It is theological. It is Scriptural. It is in harmony with the work of Ellis H. Skolfield.

WHY THERE IS NO ANTICHRIST CHAPTER

The modern Christian world has been shaped by a particular prophetic model — one popularized in the 20th century, amplified by novels, films, and sensational preaching. This model insists on a future world dictator, a rebuilt temple, a seven-year tribulation, and a literal Antichrist who rises at the end of days.

But Scripture does not teach this. History does not support this. The apostles never preached this. The early church never believed this.

And Ellis Skolfield demonstrated — with Scripture, history, and linguistic precision — that the common interpretation is not merely flawed, but fundamentally incorrect.

THE BEAST IS NOT A FUTURE MAN

Skolfield showed that the Beast of Revelation is not a future individual. It is a system. A kingdom. A historical power that rose exactly when Daniel said it would.

The Beast is not waiting to appear. It has already appeared. It has already acted. It has already fulfilled its role in history.

The Beast is not a man. It is an empire. It is a system of deception. It is a counterfeit religious authority that persecuted the saints for centuries.

The Beast is past — not future.

THE "ANTICHRIST" IS A SPIRIT, NOT A PERSON

The apostle John used the word *antichrist* four times. Not once did he describe a future world ruler. Not once did he connect the term to Revelation. Not once did he place the Antichrist at the end of days.

John said:

"Even now are there many antichrists." "Antichrist is already in the world." "Whoever denies the Father and the Son is antichrist."

Antichrist is not a future tyrant. Antichrist is a spirit — a theological rebellion — present throughout history.

The Antichrist is not a chapter in this book because Scripture does not give him one.

THE TRUMPETS ARE NOT FUTURE DISASTERS

Skolfield demonstrated that the trumpets are not future catastrophes waiting to unfold. They are historical judgments — real events — that have already occurred across the centuries.

The fall of Rome. The rise of Islam. The Crusades. The Ottoman invasions. The Reformation. The collapse of empires.

The trumpets are history. The seals are history. The bowls are history.

Revelation is not a book of future terror. It is a book of past judgment and future glory.

WHY *GLORY* PRESENTS THE TRUMPETS AS FUTURE EVENTS

This novel is not a theological treatise. It is a prophetic drama — a symbolic retelling — a spiritual allegory of the return of Christ.

The trumpets in *GLORY* are not literal predictions. They are narrative devices. They are artistic expressions. They are poetic portrayals of divine intervention.

They are written to stir the heart, not to map the calendar.

The Post Script exists to clarify this distinction. The story is symbolic. The theology is Skolfield.

THE TRUE FOCUS OF PROPHECY

Prophecy is not about the Antichrist. Prophecy is not about fear. Prophecy is not about speculation.

Prophecy is about Jesus. Prophecy is about His Kingdom. Prophecy is about His return. Prophecy is about His glory.

The Book of Revelation is not the revelation of the Antichrist. It is the revelation of Jesus Christ.

This novel reflects that truth. This Post Script affirms it.

THE FINAL WORD

The reader must understand: This book does not follow the popular prophetic model. It follows Scripture. It follows history. It follows truth. It follows the work of Ellis H. Skolfield.

There is no Antichrist chapter because there is no Antichrist figure. There is only Christ — and His glory.

And now, as the story closes, the final message of prophecy remains unchanged:

"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

EPILOGUE

THE QUIET AFTER GLORY

Eternity had begun. The King reigned. The redeemed lived in everlasting day. The river flowed. The tree healed.The new creation shone with glory.

And yet — there was quiet. A holy quiet. A peaceful quiet. A quiet that felt like the breath of God resting upon creation.

The Memory of the Journey

The trumpets were silent now. The judgments were past. The descent was complete. The resurrection was fulfilled.The new creation was established.

But the memory remained — not as sorrow, not as fear, but as testimony.

The thirteen witnesses remembered the awakening. They remembered the signs. They remembered the opening of heaven. They remembered the shout. They remembered the King descending in glory.

And they remembered the moment eternity began.

The Reader's Place in the Story

This book has ended. But your story has not.

You, reader, are not outside these pages. You are not a spectator. You are not distant from glory.

You are invited. You are called. You are loved. You are awaited.

The King who descended in this story is the King who will descend in reality.

The Eternal Day written here is the Eternal Day promised to you.

The River of Life described here is the River of Life prepared for you.

The Tree of Life portrayed here is the Tree of Life offered to you.

The Author’s Final Reflection

I have walked through fire. I have walked through doubt. I have walked through searching. I have walked through grace. I have walked through Scripture. I have walked through truth.

And now, at the end of this book, I walk in peace.

Not because of my strength. Not because of my wisdom. Not because of my merit.

But because of His glory.

The Lamb who saved me is the Lamb who reigns. The King who called me is the King who comes.

And the glory written in these pages is the glory that will one day fill all creation.

The Final Amen

The story is finished. The journey is complete. The book is closed.

But the promise remains. The hope remains. The King remains.

And so the final word is spoken — the word that closes Scripture, the word that closes history, the word that closes this book:

AMEN.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen and amen. THE BENEDICTION AND THE FINAL AMEN

May the Lord bless you and keep you. May His face shine upon you. May His glory surround you. May His Spirit fill you. May His peace sustain you. May His love transform you.

May you walk in the Eternal Day. May you drink from the River of Life. May you rest beneath the Tree of Life.May you dwell forever in the presence of the Lamb.

This book began with awakening. It ends with eternity.

It began with signs. It ends with glory.

It began with thirteen witnesses. It ends with countless redeemed.

It began with longing. It ends with fulfillment.

It began with prophecy. It ends with the King.

And now, with reverence, with joy, with hope, with love, the final word is spoken — the word that closes Scripture,the word that closes history, the word that closes this book:

AMEN.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen and amen.

THE BENEDICTION AND THE FINAL AMEN

May the Lord bless you and keep you. May His face shine upon you. May His glory surround you. May His Spirit fill you. May His peace sustain you. May His love transform you.

May you walk in the Eternal Day. May you drink from the River of Life. May you rest beneath the Tree of Life.May you dwell forever in the presence of the Lamb.

This book began with awakening. It ends with eternity.

It began with signs. It ends with glory.

It began with thirteen witnesses. It ends with countless redeemed.

It began with longing. It ends with fulfillment.

It began with prophecy. It ends with the King.

And now, with reverence, with joy, with hope, with love, the final word is spoken — the word that closes Scripture, the word that closes history, the word that closes this book:

AMEN.

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AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Jim Giatas

Jim was born in Fredonia, New York, to loving, faithful parents whose Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic heritage shaped his earliest understanding of God. Baptized in both traditions, he grew up surrounded by reverence, stability, and the quiet strength of family devotion.

As a young man, Jim embraced the world with passion — music, creativity, exploration, and the restless search for meaning. He played lead guitar in a garage band, drove a gold 1967 Camaro, fell in love, attended Woodstock, traveled to Greece, and walked through the turbulent cultural currents of the late 1960s and early 1970s.

His journey included seasons of wandering, experimentation, heartbreak, and searching — experiences that shaped him deeply and prepared him for the truth he would later embrace.

After college, Jim lived in White Plains and Manhattan, pursuing songwriting and immersing himself in New Age philosophy, especially the writings of Alan Watts. But the answers he sought remained elusive.

Returning home to Fredonia became a turning point. There, through the sincerity of a Gospel music group and the presence of the Holy Spirit, Jim encountered Christ in a way he had never known before.

Then came Ellis H. Skolfield — whose work, *The Hidden Beast 2*, transformed Jim's understanding of biblical prophecy. Skolfield's scholarship dismantled popular eschatological assumptions and revealed a Scriptural clarity that resonated deeply with Jim's spirit.

This awakening led him back to the Greek Orthodox Church — not as a return to childhood tradition, but as a return to truth.

Jim devoted himself to writing, music, and testimony, offering his work freely on his website so that others might find the same clarity and hope he had found.

www.jimgiatas.com

His interests grew to include Shroud of Turin research, Christian Scripture study, children's biblical literature, symbolism, and the preservation of digital work.

In *GLORY*, Jim weaves his own story into a tapestry of faith, prophecy, and hope — a witness to the King who is coming, the Lamb who reigns, and the eternal day promised to all who believe.

He writes not for fame, not for profit, but for the glory of God.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ — the Author and Finisher of faith, the Light of the world, the Lamb who reigns forever — every word in this book is for Your glory.

To my parents, whose faith shaped my earliest steps, whose love reflected the heart of God, whose memory continues to bless my life.

To my sister, whose presence has been a steady thread of family, comfort, and shared history.

To the teachers, pastors, and friends who guided me through seasons of searching, who answered questions with patience, who encouraged me toward truth.

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